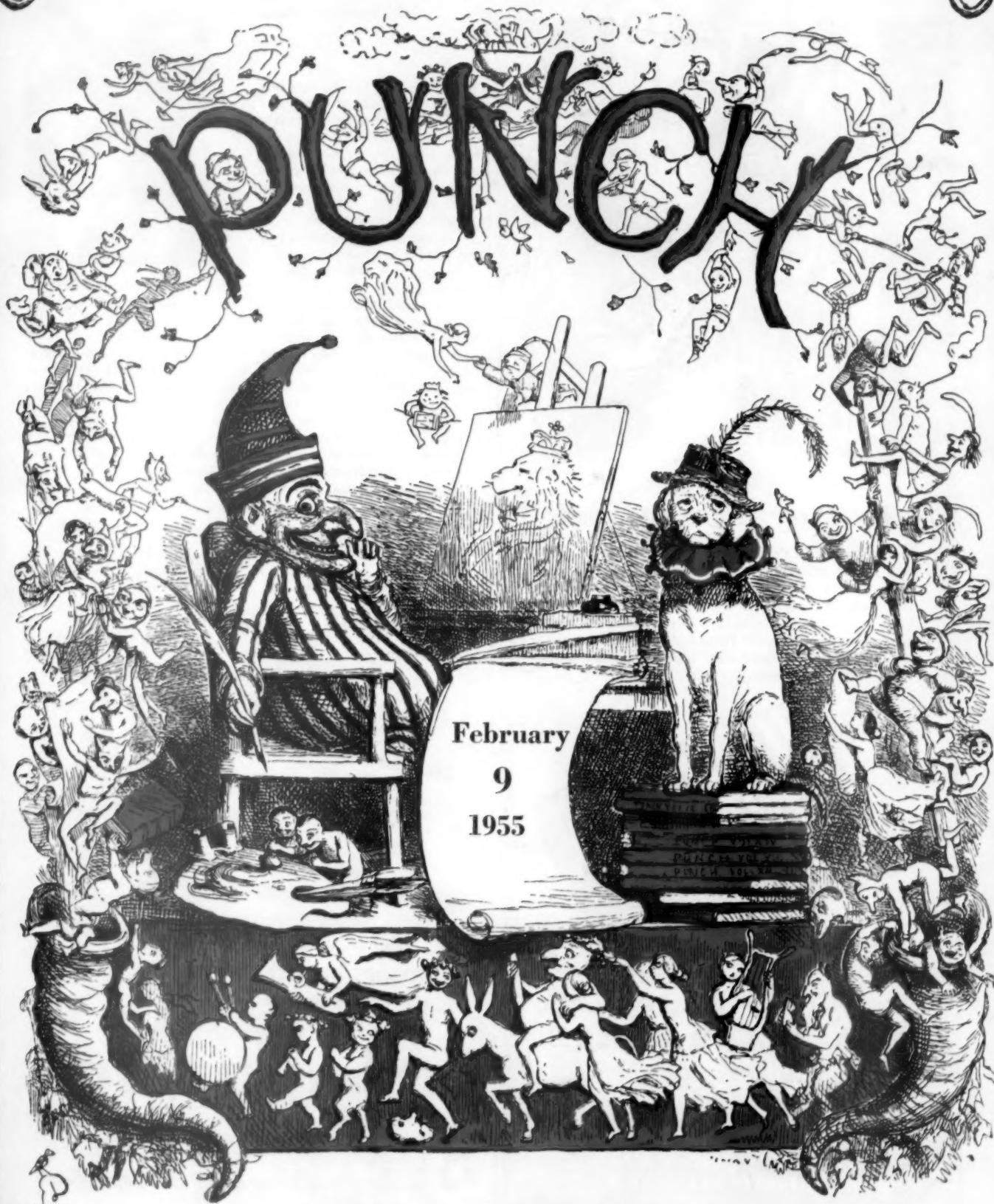


6d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—February 9 1955

6d



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C. 4



By Royal Command

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/6

WORKERS IN THE TEAM

Number 9 in a series

DOC ORAM has the eyes of a hawk and the firmness of a sergeant-major. He is a checker. Many millions of tons of materials and quantities of valuable stores have come under his inspection since he joined the Company fifteen years ago.

He checks every delivery to his site for quantity and quality, and sees that it is unloaded at the right place. He keeps deliveries flowing in at the rate required for the job—often thousands of tons a day, with lorries passing over the weighbridge at a rate of one every 23 seconds. Long practice has taught him to judge at the same time whether aggregates are correctly graded, sand clean and sharp. If in doubt, he will call on the site laboratory for scientific tests. Every single item is checked and carefully compared with specification. His signature on



a delivery note means that the goods are, without question, up to standard.

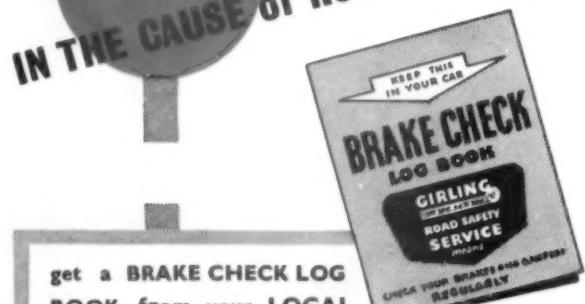
Doc is one of a big team of checkers—men of quick observation, experience and integrity—who control deliveries to sites. They are the eyes and ears of a system evolved by the Company to ensure that all its clients receive true value in everything that goes into the work.

LAING

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED
Building and Civil Engineering Contractors

GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, RHODESIA

IN THE CAUSE OF ROAD SAFETY....



get a BRAKE CHECK LOG
BOOK from your LOCAL
GIRLING SERVICE AGENT
and have your brakes

CHECKED REGULARLY

GIRLING
THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

Way Out Ahead →

GIRLING LIMITED
KINGS ROAD,
TYSELEY,
BIRMINGHAM, 11



We policemen, farmers and other round-the-clock workers need the warm kitchen, the cooking and hot water at all hours, the easy drying and airing of clothes which only the solid fuel stove gives us. And we haven't money to burn either.

Have you?

WE ALL LOVE AN OPEN FIRE. It's cheerful, comforting, such good company. And there's no cheaper way of keeping your home warm and your water hot all the time than solid fuel in one form or another; and what more friendly than a warm and cosy kitchen! But you really ought to find out about some of the new appliances which burn solid fuel, especially the smokeless solid fuels such as coke and anthracite. They are tremendous labour and money savers. Modern in design and efficiency. You will get the best selection, the best

advice and the best service, if you go to a shop which shows the Coal Utilisation Council's yellow sign (see below). They are the experts. And so many things can be bought on hire-purchase now, there is no reason why you should not bring your home up to date right away. Economise with solid fuel.

Every appliance on the Coal Utilisation Council's Approved List is designed to work very efficiently burning solid fuels, including coke, anthracite and the manufactured smokeless fuels.


SOLID FUEL
- preferably smokeless

The Tortoise and the Hare...



... decided to race to Paris. "I'll be there first!" boasted Hare, and off he ran.

But when he arrived in Paris,
Tortoise was already there,
sipping an aperitif.

"Hey!" panted Hare, "How were you so quick?"

Tortoise laughed.

"I caught a
train," he said.

... Which points
the moral
that it is best
to travel by
French Railways.

For instance:

TOURIST TICKETS offer a 20% or 30% reduction on ordinary fares, subject to a minimum return or circular journey of 1,500 or 2,000 km. and certain conditions of stay in France.

MORE ELECTRIFICATION. The ever-increasing electric network throughout France offers the passenger even swifter and more satisfying travel.

**Better travel by
FRENCH RAILWAYS**



Information, tickets and reservations
from any good Travel Agent or
French Railways Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1

CVS-1148



Announcing
present the finest 16-mm
magnetic-optical projector
in the world

The '451' represents the latest in 16-mm projector design. Incorporating all that is best in the renowned Type 401, it includes outstanding additional features which place it so far ahead that it has no competitors.

... for full information on the new Type 451 Projector,
write now for leaflet- L/G12053

BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON
THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY LIMITED • RUGBY • ENGLAND

Member of the AEI group of companies

A482



By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

Scotch Whisky is the ideal drink for all occasions

W.M. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH.

LONDON OFFICE: 60, PALL MALL, S.W.1



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTES
TO THE KING AND QUEEN ELIZABETH II

At Home - or Overseas . . .



STATE EXPRESS 555

The Best Cigarettes in the World

The House of STATE EXPRESS, 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.I.



ORIENT LINE
MID-SUMMER CRUISES

23rd July from Southampton for 9 days
BERGEN, OSLO, GOTHENBURG, AMSTERDAM

* * *

30th July from London for 13 days

BERGEN, AANDALSNAES, MEROK
COPENHAGEN, HAMBURG, AMSTERDAM



**JADED JOURNALIST LEARNS
THE INSIDE STORY**



SCRIBBLER'S been having a hard time with his column on the Daily Distress. He used to be a headline man until his jaded appearance put a full stop to his career. "What's the latest?" I asked him.

"Terrible," he groaned. "It's this constipation. I feel like retiring to a dark corner with a bottle of printer's ink."

"Obviously it's a problem of keeping up the inner circulation," I said.

"What can you mean?" demanded Scribbler.

"Your inside cables," I said. "If you were to stretch them out they'd come to a 30 foot column. Everything you eat has to go through them. And here's the important footnote: There's nothing for your bowel muscles to grip on in the soft, starchy foods we eat nowadays."

"What happens then?" asked Scribbler.

"Bad news, I'm afraid," I said. "Constipation makes you feel as if you plugged the wrong line. The only thing for you is bulk."

"What gives you bulk?" Scribbler asked.

"Kellogg's All-Bran," I said. "It's

the leading article for breakfast, it's delicious, and it makes you 'regular'."

"Can I quote you on that?" asked Scribbler.

"On the highest authority," I assured him.

He left, a dejected journalist, and returned four days later with the expression of a man who can no longer be written off.

"No more indigestion, verbal or otherwise," he said triumphantly.

"It's a scoop!" I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active; and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns and cakes. All grocers have it.

**Seal of perfection
on fashion
knitwear**



WOMEN who find the DYLAN seal on their favourite brand of fashion woollies know they won't shrink out of fit, won't mat, will always keep their fine, soft handle. DYLAN branded goods will be in the shops this year. Look for, and insist on DYLAN—a seal of quality and performance.

Stevensons Dyers Limited—the proprietors of the trade mark DYLAN—will license the use of their shrink resist processes and their mark to manufacturers and processors of wool and wool mixture textiles.



STEVENSONS DYERS LIMITED • AMBERGATE • DERBYSHIRE



How on earth do you choose a mattress?

They all look more or less alike in the catalogues—they all feel about the same when casually pressed or sat upon in the showroom.

Yet you'll spend about a third of your life on the mattress you choose, so you had better be sure what you're buying.

Surely it's the *inside* that matters—the design and workmanship of the hidden springing and the quality of the upholstery. You can be sure of these things if you choose SOMNUS—sure that the inside is just as well finished as the outside—sure that you are buying many years of luxurious sleep comfort.

Get to know the *inside* story of SOMNUS BEDDING by sending a postcard for our illustrated folder.

SOMNUS



FOR THE REST
OF YOUR LIFE

RHODOS. A high grade Somnus overlay with perfect tension open-type spring unit, enveloped in biliney upholstery of NEW CURLLED HAIR and cotton felt. It costs only £11. 0. 0. (3' 0" wide) and £15. 0. 0. (4' 6" wide). With upholstered Base to match £18. 10. 0. and £24. 15. 0. Other Somnus Mattresses range from £7. 5. 0. to £35. 10. 0.

WILLIAM RHODES LTD., CARLTON CROSS MILLS, LEEDS 2.
Also at The Wells Road, Nottingham.

All Somnus Bedding conforms to B.S.I. Standards of Quality and Cleanliness.



"And so, children, feeding like fighting cocks and wallowing in hot water, they lived happily ever Aga."

AGA HEAT LIMITED
103/15 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.r.
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)



Insist on KUNZLE

Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

...like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD. • BIRMINGHAM • ENGLAND



The Happiest Days of Their Lives

Picnics in the country . . . lazy hours by the river . . . sunlight sparkling on a cobalt blue sea . . . the moorland afame with gorse . . . glorious, memorable moments to be recaptured when the summer days come round again, thanks to their Standard Ten. Winter or summer, on business or for pleasure it is ready to take them there and back, smoothly, speedily, economically.

- ★ 4 forward hinged, fully opening doors ★ 4 cylinder, 948 c.c. engine
- ★ 40/50 miles per gallon ★ Maximum speed 68 miles per hour
- ★ Girling hydraulic brakes ★ Triplex toughened glass
- ★ Spacious luggage boot with separate compartment for spare wheel
- ★ Adjustable front seats ★ Steel panelled body, rustproofed by Bonderising process and fully dustproofed.

Price £409 (P.T. £171.10.10)

THE STANDARD TEN

*Designed for
Happy Family
Motoring*



THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND London Showrooms: 15-17 Berkeley Sq., W.1, Tel: Gro. 8181
STANDARD CARS · TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · STANDARD DIESEL ENGINES · FERGUSON TRACTORS

PAINT

with
a weather eye

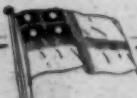
You can choose an *inside* paint with an eye to looks alone. But not an *outside* paint. Outside paint is the only defence your property has against the weather. Choose it therefore with an eye to protection. Make sure it's based on white lead.

White Lead Paint Lasts

Magnet is the modern white lead paint. It has a fine lustrous gloss and is made in more than 30 colours — all intermixable for intermediate shades. Decorators recommend . . . wise people specify . . .

MAGNET

for the OUTSIDE



There is
vacant accommodation to
SOUTH AFRICA
on the
DOMINION MONARCH

sailing from Southampton on
April 1st, 1955
for Cape Town, Fremantle, Melbourne,
Sydney and Wellington

Quadruple screw motor vessel 26,500 tons,
carrying 500 passengers **FIRST CLASS ONLY**

Shaw Savill Line

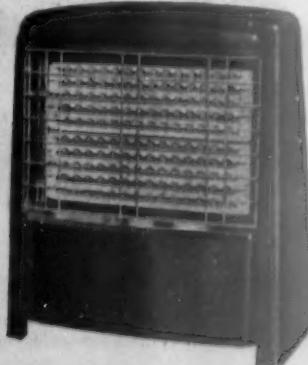
11A Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1

Telephone: WHitehall 1485

Telegrams: Savill Piccy London

OR YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

OUT
OF
THE
ORDINARY



For those who prefer something a little out of the ordinary—something with that little extra finish and polish, Belling have designed the beautiful Dainty Fire. It is one of the very few fires made today that is actually electro-plated, a luxurious finish that will stand years of hard wear and still look like new.

226P DAINTY FIRE, 2 KW, £7.10.4 INC TAX.

Let us send you our latest 64 page colour book of electric fires and cookers — just send this coupon to Belling & Co. Ltd., Enfield, Middlesex.
NO OBLIGATION AND NO CALLERS.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Unsealed envelope only needs 1½d. stamp.

"Belling"

**"I know my
business best!"**

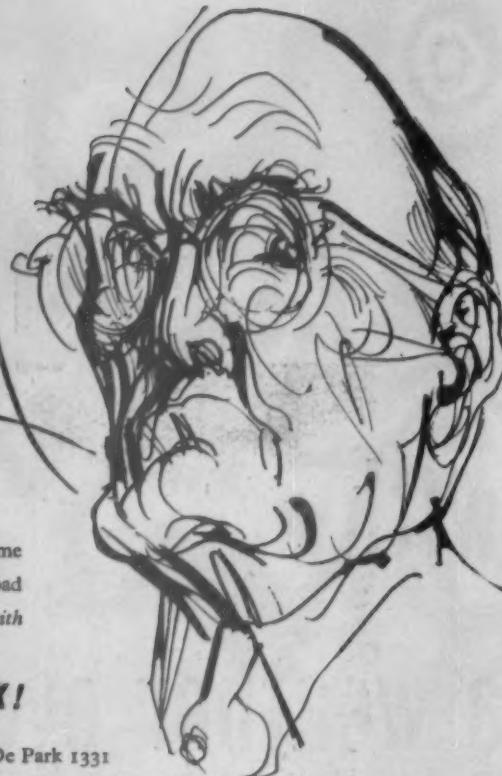
"Eh? that's what he says? ... That's why he wants to see me personally? Now tell this chap that as Managing Director I'm ... what? He's from Sumlock? Why didn't you say so without all this dithering? He's going to show what they can do with our figuring problems on costing. Spot of reorganization. Top level stuff. Say I'll see him 2.30 Tuesday . . ."

Busy men know that half an hour with a SUMLOCK consultant is time well spent . . . Because figuring the SUMLOCK way can transfer a load of routine office work from senior executives to junior staff—and with absolute safety!

ALWAYS SEE THE MAN FROM SUMLOCK!

SUMLOCK LIMITED 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.I. Telephone: HYDe Park 1331

Branches in: Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Glasgow, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Sheffield, Southampton.



**You know what
you're getting**



What a grand glass of beer! Soft creamy head and clear, amber brilliance to the last drop. Refreshing even to look at, but how much better to drink!

Whitbread's Pale Ale is brewed with a skill that comes from long experience. Wherever you buy it—at the pub, the club, or from the off-licence to take home—you know you can rely on the quality and on its splendid condition.

It may cost you a copper or two more than some beers. But that, surely, is a small price to pay for the best. You will never be disappointed—



**when you ask for a
WHITBREAD**
the best of the light ales



**The watch
in his life...**

He's frantically busy. Only by the strictest deployment of his time is he able to get through everything. A man like this *has* to have a good watch. If he bought the Baume watch illustrated here he could forget about it. He wouldn't even have to wind it . . . seldom have to re-set it . . . probably never, throughout its long life, have to take it to a watchmaker for anything more than a yearly oiling. It's very robust and pleasant to look at.

Ref. 423. 17 jewels. Shock absorbent. Anti-magnetic. Waterproof. Automatic wind.



• In stainless steel
case from £19.

BAUME the good watch

BAUME & CO. LTD. (ESTABLISHED 1834) LONDON AND LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS

Beauty that's good for business

WALLSPAN



The use of Wallspan for Outer Walls offers your architect greater scope and opportunity in the design of any new building you contemplate. Wallspan can give you an impressive, colourful building that will retain its beauty—and its value—through the smoke and grime of the years.

Why Wallspan gives you a Building you'll be proud of. Nowadays the weight of a building is borne by the structural frame. The outer walls, which provide the setting for windows and doors, are essentially protective and decorative, keeping the weather out and the warmth in and giving the building a suitable facade.

With Wallspan, the facade can be far more colourful and graceful, far more imaginative in design. For Wallspan outer walls consist of a grid of aluminium alloy which is bolted to the frame of the building. Into it are fixed windows and doors and the grid is completed with any of a wide variety of beautiful panelling materials, which can be faced in glass, stone, metal, wood and so on, each in a choice of colours. So the use of Wallspan gives your architect completely new opportunities to design not only a building you'll be proud of, but one that will keep its beautiful appearance and its value.

No maintenance. Wallspan walls need neither pointing nor painting. They can be kept clean by an occasional wash-down by the window cleaners.

More Floor Space and More Warmth. Wallspan grid members can be as little as 5 inches thick, carrying panelling about 2 inches thick, compared with the 11 inch thickness of traditional walls. Thus you get extra rentable floor space all round every floor. The walls, moreover, are not only weather-proof and durable, but can easily be constructed to offer 50 per cent more heat-retention than cavity brick.

Walls up in DAYS, too. Finally, Wallspan walls are so simple to erect, they can be put up in a matter of days. It will be worth your while to discuss with your architect the use of Wallspan in any new building you are planning—office, factory, shop, store, warehouse, school . . .

WALLSPAN CURTAIN WALLING

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS

Reliance Works • Chester

You'll be using your building sooner - much sooner - if it has Wallspan walls



"I see strange figures"

observed the Chairman,
"figures that will change our whole
policy for the South.

Why did we never have them before?"
'Because we were in our pre punched-card
era, sir' explained the accountant.

'These figures would have taken weeks
by hand but with Powers-Samas machines
we now get them in hours,
especially since we have installed
their latest electronic equipment.

*There is a range of Powers-Samas punched-card
equipment for every type of application.*

*Office Efficiency : Powers-Samas supply a
complete range of the latest office equipment.*

Write for illustrated catalogue.

POWERS-SAMAS

Powers-Samas Accounting Machines (Sales) Limited,
Powers-Samas House, Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1.

SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



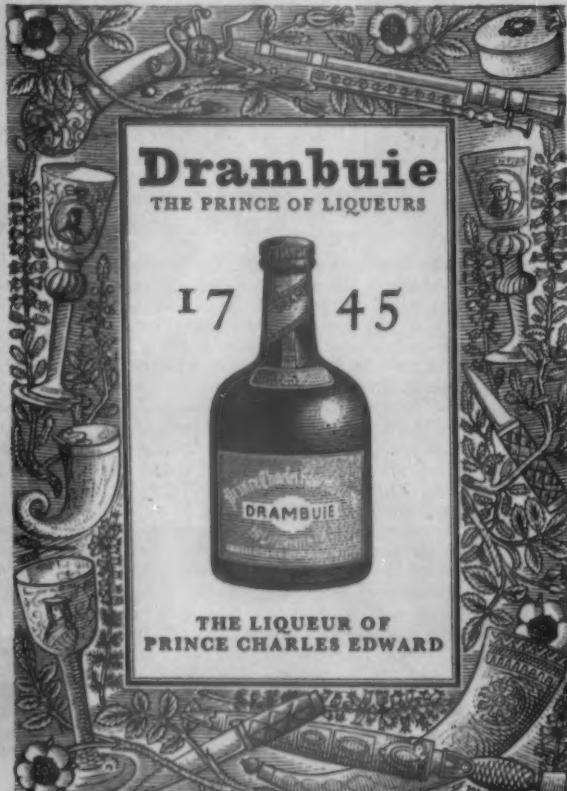
QUITE UNIMPORTANT

Thompson (interrogatively, to Beauteous but Haughty Dameel, whom he has just helped to alight): "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"
Haughty Dameel: "I DID NOT SPEAK!"

Thompson: "OH, I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'THANKS'!"
[Thompson thereupon installed himself within the first-class compartment so lately vacated by the ill-graced Young Miss. Fortunately, the delight engendered from his Three Castles cigarette—that cigarette without peer—did much to restore a better humour toward the Fairer Sex.

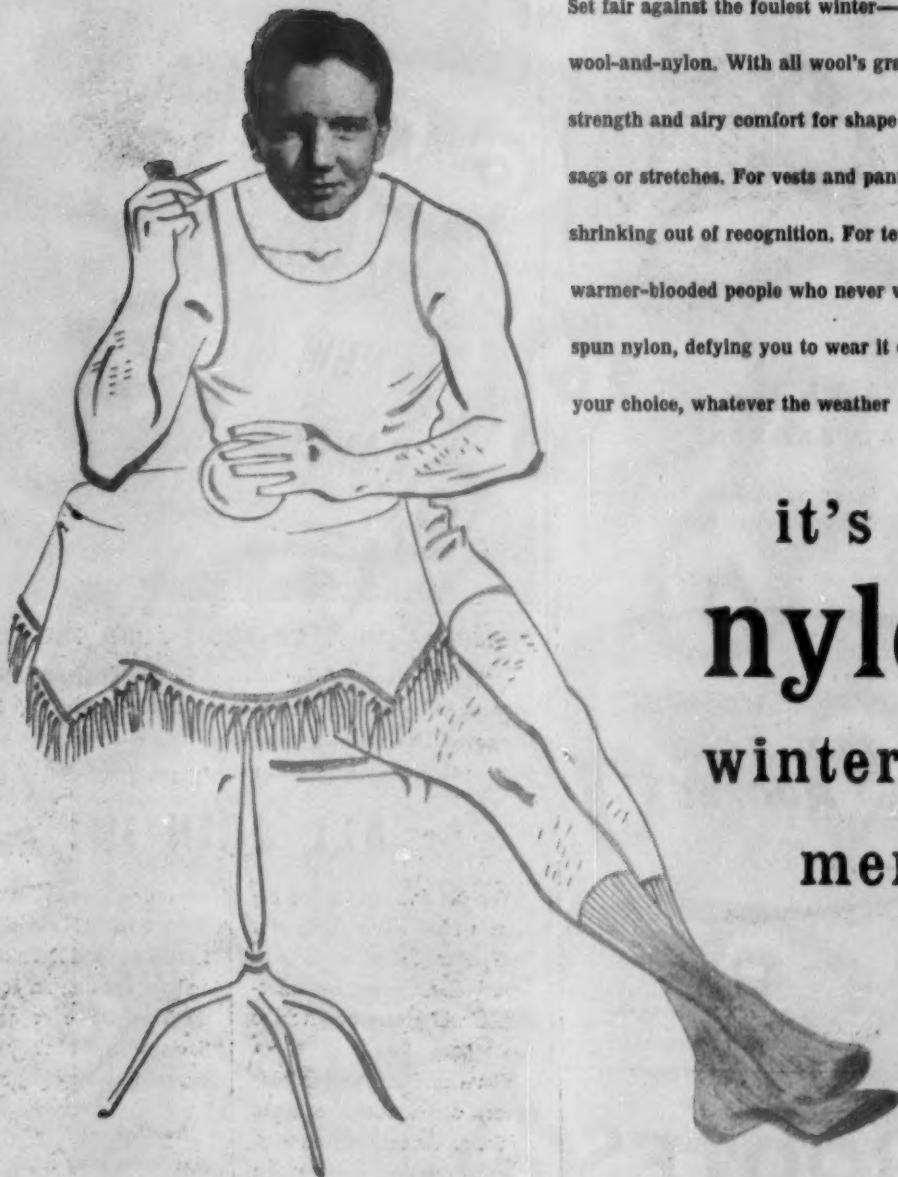
It's always been
THE
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
for The Quality

W.D. & H.O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. TTT788



THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO LTD EDINBURGH

Brighter inlook in nylon



Set fair against the foulest winter—men's underwear in wool-and-nylon. With all wool's grateful warmth, nylon's strength and airy comfort for shape and fit that never sags or stretches. For vests and pants that wear without shrinking out of recognition. For temperate zones and warmer-blooded people who never wear wool, there's 100% spun nylon, defying you to wear it out. But whichever your choice, whatever the weather

it's a
nylon
winter for
men

WIVES KNOW about nylon already. Families in nylon mean quicker washing, next-to-no mending, money saved and time gained.

100% SPUN NYLON.
Warm but very lightweight.
Easy to wash. Extremely hard-wearing, and shrink-resistant.

WOOL-AND-NYLON-BLENDs.
Very warm and comfortable.
Longer life, harder wear. Keep their shape. Need little darning.



BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD., PONTYPOOL, MON.

H.P.P—hardly the thing, old boy!

"Hardly the thing for what?" said the quiet man in the corner, "you see, I found it precisely the thing I required when I realised that if my business was to prosper in this progressive age, I must have the most up-to-date plant and keep abreast of every mechanical development.

I planned my programme and found that hire purchase facilities exactly matched my needs and they continue to do so. Perhaps, one day, you too will benefit from a realistic appreciation of where and when hire purchase is just the thing!"



BOWMAKER LTD., Bowmaker House, Lansdowne, Bournemouth, London: 61 St. James's Street, S.W.1. Branches throughout the U.K.

M-W-214

**"I MUST REMEMBER
TO HIRE A CAR
FROM ROOTES!"**

A caricature of a man in a top hat and coat, holding a pipe, stands next to a classical column. In the background, there's a bus and a building.

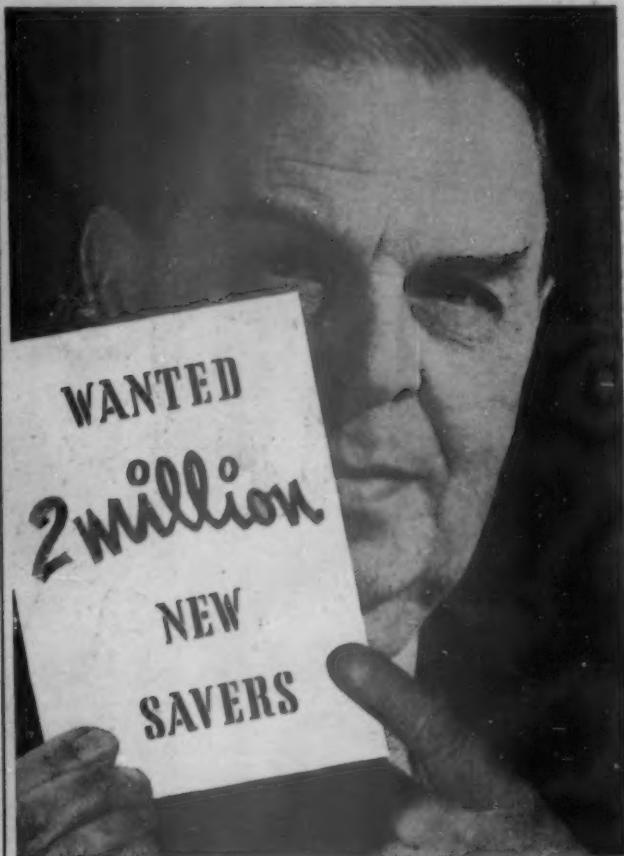
- HUMBER AND HILLMAN CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN OR SELF-DRIVE LIMOUSINES OR SALOONS
- CLIENTS MET AT DOCK OR AIRPORT
- LOWEST WINTER TARIFF

ROOTES
CAR HIRE

Abbey Hall, Abbey Rd., London, N.W.8
Phone: CUNningham 5141 - Cables: Rooteshire, London

ALSO AT

MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, MAIDSTONE,
CANTERBURY, ROCHESTER,
FOLKESTONE, WROTHAM HEATH



PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM LORD MACKINTOSH

"As Chairman of the National Savings Committee there's no need to tell you I'm right behind this grand NEW SAVERS Campaign. It's working up to something really big, but we're not home yet. So let's keep at it until we reach our goal!"

ALL JOIN IN!

You can find out how to become a New Saver from your Bank, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank, where full information will gladly be given to you.

You'll probably find in your factory, street, school or club, a Savings Group you can join. Whether you decide to join this Group, or start saving on your own, the Voluntary Worker who runs the Group will gladly give you helpful advice about

the different methods of saving — by buying National Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds, and by opening an account in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank. In any case you can start saving right away.

Another way to become a New Saver is by using some of your Savings Stamps to buy a 15/- Certificate or to open an account in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank with 5/-

BECOME A NEW SAVER TODAY!



Samson Clark Advertising provides a complete agency service which inspires confidence because it has all the facilities — under one roof. This is the result of a deliberate policy based on almost 60 years of experience in handling all types of advertising account including some of the largest in their particular field.

Every necessary facility has been built up within the immediate reach of those who need to use it. It is maintained exclusively to serve the company's clients. This means that there is no delay or loss of contact in the evolution and production stages of a campaign and the client's affairs are handled confidentially, from start to finish.

SAMSON CLARK ADVERTISING

INCORPORATED PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING

57-61 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1
City Office: 39 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 5050
TELEPHONE: MONARCH 1233

HOW YOU CAN DOUBLE THE ENGINE LIFE OF YOUR NEW CAR

Remarkable results with new BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil

THINK HOW MANY miles you expect from your new car before it will need a major engine overhaul. Now double that figure. This is what your new car will do if you protect it from the beginning with new BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil.

80% less engine wear

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' is a new kind of motor oil produced by The British Petroleum Company for all four-stroke petrol engines in good condition. It has been exhaustively proved by long distance road tests, and in the laboratory.

These tests have shown a reduction by the amazing figure of 80% in cylinder bore and piston ring wear, compared with any conventional motor oil.

With this new grade, therefore, cylinder bore wear is no longer the deciding factor in determining when an engine overhaul is necessary. At a conservative estimate you can expect double the life from your engine before an overhaul.

BP Special Energol improves motoring performance all round. It reduces petrol consumption by up to 12% on start and stop running and from 5 to 10% on normal running. You get easier starting in all conditions. Although it costs 50% more than conventional oils, BP Special Energol repays its cost in petrol saving alone.

A new kind of oil

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' has properties quite unlike any conventional motor oil. It is as thin when cold as the lightest grade of lubricating oil at present sold. Yet it is as thick when hot as the grades normally recommended for summer use. This means ideal lubrication at all temperatures, using only this one grade of oil for all engines and seasons where S.A.E. grades 10W to 40 are normally recommended.



The earlier you can change to BP Special Energol the longer your engine will last. If your car is not yet delivered make certain you do the running-in with BP Special Energol.

How BP Special Energol reduces wear

Research shows that most engine wear occurs in the first few minutes after starting. The reason for this is that the abrasive products of acid action play havoc with cylinder bores and piston rings in the period immediately following start-up.

Conventional oils are too thick to give proper lubrication when cold. But with BP Special Energol this heavy wear during warming up is completely eliminated. Oil circulation begins as soon as your engine starts. The products of acid action are then flushed away immediately and can do no harm. The graph below shows the striking effect of this saving in wear even when there is only one start per day.

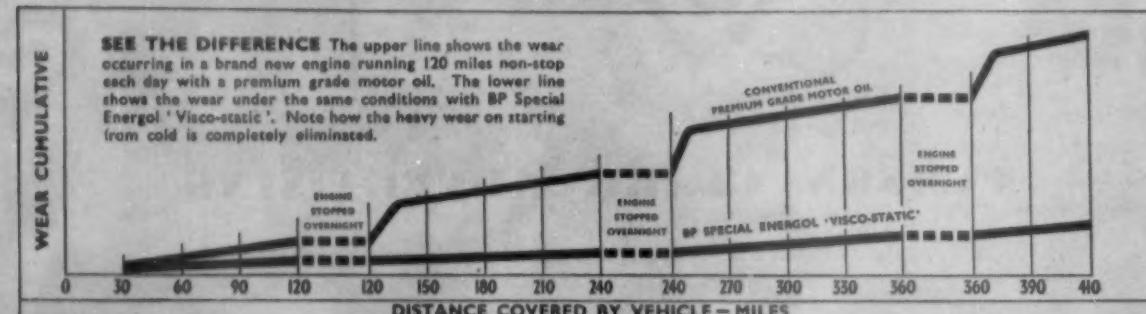
Lose no time

If your new car is already in use, lose no time in changing over to BP Special Energol. Have the sump drained and refilled with this new oil. Then drain and refill again after 500 miles running. Future oil changes should be after the normal mileage recommended by the makers of your car.

If your car isn't new

You can use BP Special Energol in any engine that is not worn. But if an overhaul is nearly due you are advised to use the normal grades of BP Energol which are still on sale.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield. It is coloured red for easy identification and sold in sealed packages.



SPECIAL ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED.

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited.

PUNCH

CHARIVARIA

MR. NEHRU, landing in London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' talks, was asked what he regarded as the greatest danger to world peace, and replied "War." This shook cynics who thought that the greatest danger might be peace talks.

Spreading the Infection

WHEN Mr. Frank Beswick, M.P., attacked the idea of using House of Commons restaurants for "fancy-dress parties on Saturday afternoons," Mr. W. A. Steward, M.P., put up the defence that the guests on these occasions had "gone away more Parliament-minded than when they came." At least, it was intended as a defence.

No Lack des Cygnes

"STRANGER than fiction" is the news reporter's ideal, and when an exhausted swan landed in a timber yard belonging

POULTRY,
E.C.2



to the Cygnet Joinery Company the *Express* man must have hugged himself. It was a bit too much, however, when he found that the company was in Higher Swan Lane. Even for *Express* readers.

Any Gallantry Award?

REPORTS that a colonel assaulted a hospital matron have been read with satisfaction. Who says the Army's gone soft?

Shout It as You Pass

FOR some time the motorist has felt the lack of a succinct phrase to describe the device which, used to boost ordinary bicycles, is playing havoc with his speed and distance judgment. H.M. Customs and Excise supply a definition at last in their recent purchase-tax announcement—"Motor units suitable

for fitting to pedal bicycles to equip them with a system of mechanical propulsion."

Plenty of Uniforms

AFTER an intensive recruiting campaign a Surrey Civil Defence organization ended up with five fewer members than before. This may encourage the



Coventry municipal authorities to hold a recruiting campaign after all.

Now for Some Blowsy Blouses

ANNOUNCEMENTS of revolutionary ideas in women's fashion designs are usually ill-founded, but for once the Pierre Balmain collection seems to have excited correspondents with some cause, and one of them mentions with particular approval a range of "little hatty hats." Nothing could be more revolutionary than that.

Modern Age

WHEN the B.B.C. mis-spelt "propeller" in its television crossword puzzle, causing the familiar rush of fingers to the dial, disciplinary action was immediate at a high level. Until a Director of the Written Word is appointed the programme is to stick to monosyllables, like "jet."

Frozen Mitt

EXPLORERS of the more turgid depths of American literature will welcome the news that Mr. William Faulkner, the novelist who was awarded the Nobel Prize, has been further honoured by the magazine *Sports Illustrated*, which engaged him to report on an ice-hockey match at Madison Square Garden. The paper's readers, however, are less

enthusiastic, their bewildered state of mind matching that of ageing Hemingway admirers who, some decades after the event, are still wondering what he meant about bull fighting.

Cultural Wealth Redistributed?

GREAT activity at the British Museum has followed the affair of the *Marseillaise* manuscript. While some officials have been detailed to reply to the telephone calls asking what it was doing there in the first place, others are doubling the guard on the Elgin Marbles.

She

A MOTOR-CAR for women has been produced in America, pink and white in colour scheme, with a pink raincoat and boots thrown in free. By this time,



however, men drivers have got used to the old and tried recognition features—bashed-in bumpers and the wrong side of the road.

Beauty All Through

DRESS designers were bound to get tired of keeping all their colourful ideas on the outside. An article on the new spring fabrics, in the *Sunday Times*, gives favourable mention to "a truss of full-blown Hiawatha climbing roses printed on a grey-blue linen."

Give and Take

COMPARING last week's profits with its losses
We find them balanced equitably
thus:
We cede the Cocos Islands to the
Aussies,
And they concede the Ashes back to
us.

ANIMAL PROGRAMME

LIfe has always been hard for us animals," said Old Major to the assembled animals, "but of late years Man has robbed us even of our last privilege. In the old days, though all else was taken from us, at least it was we who made the noises of the farm. But now all day long the radio blares out, so that we pigs can hardly hear ourselves grunt. Blares out for whom? For Man. Comrades, why should Man alone be allowed to make a noise on the radio?"

The animals were much impressed by what Old Major had said, but none of them had guessed how near their day of liberation was at hand. Only a week later the President of the Electricians' Union forgot to take his hat off to a shop steward. So all the electricians in the country came out on strike against their union. This meant that the human population of England had to go through a whole evening without being able to look at the television. In all history, they asked, had Man ever before been asked to put up with such a suffering? It was unendurable. After half an hour's failure widespread hysteria was reported from every quarter of the country. The pigs saw that this was their opportunity. Along with all the other animals they drove up to London, and without difficulty were able in the confusion to seize control both of Lime Grove and of Broadcasting House.

Farmer Jacob locked himself in his office, but with one gigantic kick Boxer, the cart-horse, stove in the door. Farmer Jacob thereupon made a hasty retreat through the window and was last seen being pursued down Regent Street towards Piccadilly Circus.

Boxer for his gallantry was appointed Director of the Home Service. Benjamin, the donkey, was made Head of the Third Programme, Moses, the raven, Head of the Religious Department and Squealer Director of the Spoken Word. The pigs, having heard that the future of broadcasting lay with television, kept the television service in their own trotters. "No human being shall broadcast on the B.B.C." was written up over Broadcasting House, and over Lime Grove "No animal with two legs shall appear on television." Commercial television was sternly forbidden for fear that it might

lower the moral tone. "One programme good. Two programmes bad," bleated the sheep.

For a time all went well—in fact very few people noticed the difference—except that the weather forecasts, which were always given by one of the cows, were now more accurate. An ingenious parlour game called "What's Your Tail?" was introduced on television. The panel consisted of Snowball and Napoleon. Various animals appeared on the screen. The animals were hidden from Snowball and Napoleon by a partition through which only their tails were allowed to appear, and the panel had to guess to which animal each tail belonged. The audience could of course see the animals on the other side of the partition, but Snowball and Napoleon could not see them.

Then it turned out that, in spite of the fact that Napoleon always cheated, Snowball was guessing more of the answers than he. So one evening, just as Snowball was about to guess that an animal without any tail was a guinea-pig, Napoleon faded him out. Snowball was very angry and said that it was a phoney game anyway. So Napoleon called in the dogs and they chased Snowball out of the studio.

The next day on the air Napoleon made a solemn announcement to all the

animals of the country. "Comrades," he said, "I have a serious announcement to make to you. Snowball has gone over to Independent Television." The animals were dumbfounded, but Squealer on the B.B.C. told them that they now knew for a fact that Snowball had been in league with Sir Kenneth Clark ever since the foundation of Animal Programme. Documents proved it.

The trouble was however that Snowball was a much more lively broadcaster than Napoleon, and with only Napoleon on the screen the programmes got duller and duller. Some of the animals even began to murmur, but Squealer was able to speak to them: "Comrades," he pleaded with them, "do you know what this means? If Animal Programme fails we shall have Farmer Jacob back." When they heard that Farmer Jacob might come back all the animals turned on their radios to Animal Programme and listened like anything.

Then one day, to the astonishment of the animals, Squealer announced after the nine o'clock news that on the next evening Napoleon would be interviewed by Mr. Gilbert Harding on television. The animals thought that they had remembered that it said at Lime Grove "No animal with two legs shall appear on television," but Squealer took them to Lime Grove and was able to show them that what it really said was "No animal with two legs except Mr. Gilbert Harding shall appear on television." The animals had forgotten that it said that.

When the interview took place the animals all over England sat glued to their television screens. The screens lighted up. Napoleon and Mr. Harding, each dressed in a dinner jacket, were shown seated at a table confronting one another. The creatures round their screens looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again, but already it was impossible to tell which was interviewing which.

"It all comes to the same thing in the end," said Benjamin, the donkey, who had a longer memory than any of the other animals.

"All broadcasters are equal," said Squealer, "but some broadcasters are more equal than others."

C. H.





THE CRYSTAL GAZERS

Love on the Roads

By CLAUD COCKBURN

"LOVE."
"Love?"

"That's what it seems to have been."

"How d'you actually mean, 'Love'? Speak up."

Naturally the whole thing was a bit of a misunderstanding, due to what I would be inclined to characterize as "over-alertness" on the part of our local Magistracy, which got the idea—reasonable enough, mind you, the way things are going—that anything a psychologist says more or less automatically passes into law, and ought to be enforced as such. Rigorously.

So we have to track back to this distinguished Dr. Eustace Chesser, of 92 Harley Street, London W.1. He is an Author and Medical Psychologist, and I state this in the teeth of such a

news-sheet as the *Manchester Guardian*, which describes him in its report as a "psychiatrist"—fighting word for which men have bitten the sawdust in some of the tough saloons north of Cavendish Square.

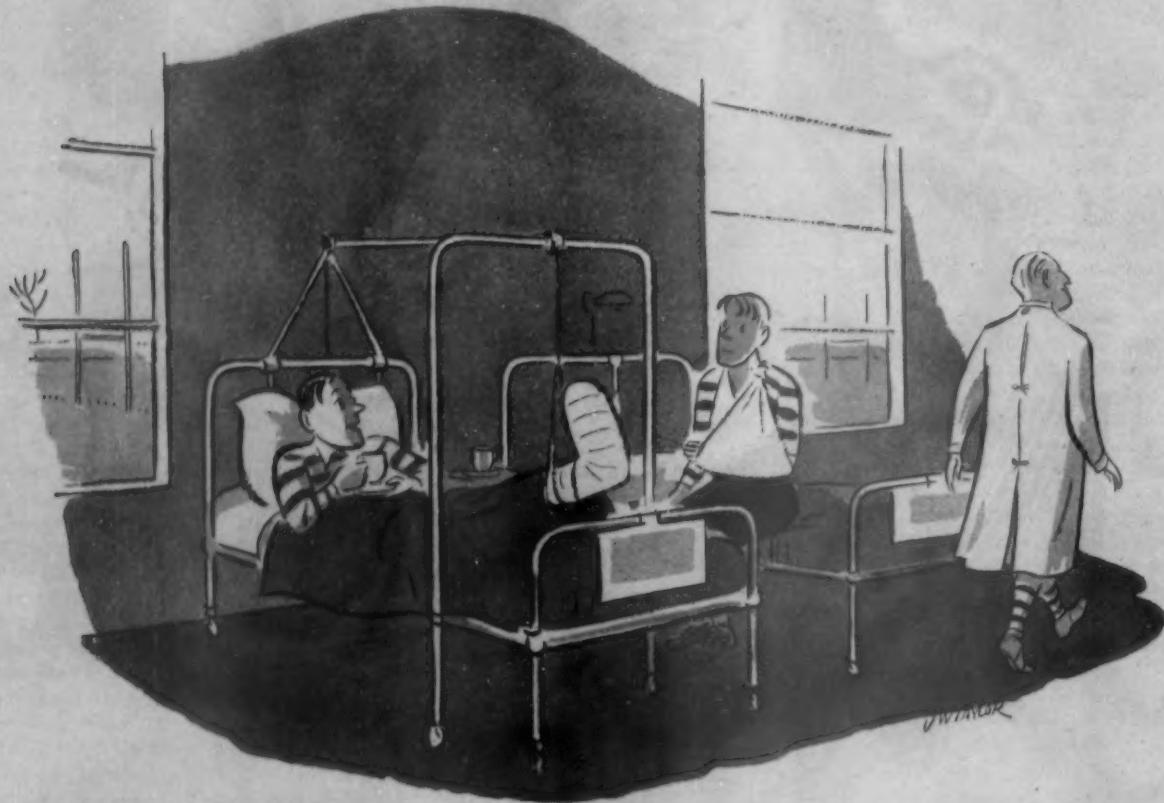
This Chesser is known to many as being about as fine an Author and Medical Psychologist as you could meet in a month of pre-frontal neuroses, and the other day he went to some Society or Conference or other and made a fine talk on a fine subject, and it was called "The Human Factor in Road Accidents." (*The Manchester Guardian*, in its typical sensational fashion, headlined this contribution to serious thought "The Cold War on the Roads." I ask you.)

In case you are worrying at all about the Love interest, go on just a little bit

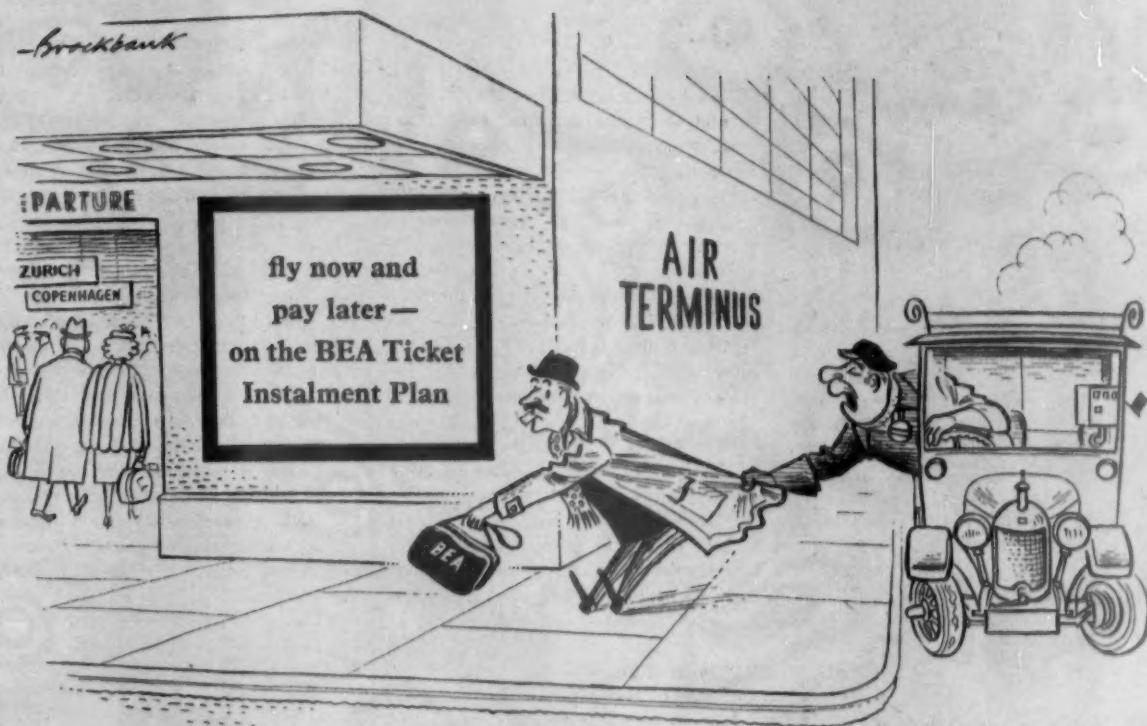
and we'll be in the middle of it. Because in point of fact what caused the trouble down in our obscurantist bailiwick was this thing Chesser said about Love.

It didn't happen right away. Before that, he'd been on for quite a bit about "aggressive types" and such, and probably you have heard of them. What they more or less do, as Dr. Chesser was quick to note, is to act in a manner which could be described as, in a sense, aggressive.

"The aggressive type," said Dr. Chesser, and how the deuce we should know in the least what or who is in any sense who or what without our Medical Psychologists I honestly do not know, "will tend to drive in an aggressive manner, and on the whole will see pedestrians and other drivers as his natural adversaries. While the aggressive



"One thing about the Hospital fixture—they always do you well after the game."



"With me, mate, you pay now and fly later."

pedestrian"—what a brute—"will go about with a chip on his shoulder and look upon all motorists as pests to be destroyed."

(Slightly a little of a pity, I thought, that the good Doctor was not apparently in a position to list a few indications by which the motorist may recognize this type of pedestrian. You slow up at one of those crossings, and a man comes over who, you think, is going to ask the time, or just merely tell you he doesn't much care for the cut of your jib, and the next thing you know he makes with the pest-exterminator. True, the corner of Montgomery Road and Marshall Avenue is a spatter of chips dropped from this devil's shoulder, but what help is that to you as you succumb to the fate of a gassed rat?)

"On the other hand"—this is Chessier speaking again—"the loving type will be more ready to express charity, and, as a result, will have a greater respect for the possible hazards, and exercise the necessary care, whether as pedestrian or driver, whilst" (this is the bit you need to cut out and paste under your hat) "those whose love is over-possessive

may be over-cautious, and so they may be reluctant to move at all."

"It is not without interest," says Chessier—in a somewhat cagy mood which I do not fail to deprecate, because it's as plain to me as it is to him that anything of this kind is not merely not without interest but actually packed, I might nearly say fraught, with the heady stuff—"not without interest" says he, "that women drivers come into this category with greater frequency than men." My goodness, we certainly are getting into pretty deep water here.

"Maybe," Chessier makes bold to opine, "this can be explained by their possession of the maternal instinct, which gives them greater emotional maturity and perhaps a truer sense of road values."

What the Dickens do you mean, "perhaps," Doc?

You ever been up the Great North Road and talked to the men from the A.A. and the R.A.C. and the C.I.D. and other little chunks of the country's vertebræ like that? There's not more than one of them but won't tell you the only time he gets a minute to relax

is when the road is choked with woman having maternal instinct and as much emotional maturity as you could put in a fair-sized panel-game. Look frinstance at that time outside Peterborough, or was it? Man's right. Chessier, Freud, okay by me. Motional maturity's what this country needs. Nor, quite frankly, old Road Scout, do I care who hears me say it.

Down our way they thought, on account, as I say, of their very natural reverence for medical psychologists, that there must be a law already based on this thing Chessier revealed.

So, first thing they did, they arrested this friend of mine, awfully decent chap really, whom I'll identify as John Doe, which isn't, in point of fact, his real name at all.

They had him up on this accusation of "Loving-in-Charge-of"—a ground for arrest of which the fanglings were so brand new they had the whole court in confusion.

So the man says to the policeman—not Doe says this, the Magistrate says it—"What about the police doctor's report?"



"Definitely under the influence.
Squiffy with it."

"Squiffy?"

"Sphrase he used. Mannera speaking, I suppose. Could have been expressed with more elegance, I should have thought, yet without any loss of scientific accuracy."

"Squiffy, you mean, with sort of, as it were, Love, sergeant?"

"Swatee said."

"And what was the prisoner doing at the moment of his arrest?"

"Right across the road. Couldn't move at all. Expressed reluctance."

"Did you gather what was the precise object of his Love?"

"Loved his car, sfarzIkamaykout."

"Was that the only Love he had indulged in that day, in your opinion?"

"Excuse my laughing, sir. Only's a bit rich. Pedestrians, too, and near Hatfield he'd loved a leafless winter elm-tree, silhouetted against a rather livid sky. Loved the whole flaming lot."

"Admit that, prisoner?"

"Oh most utterly."

"More or less psychological, what?"

"Seems to me fman can't take a bit of love on a long trip, where are we. Best, sweetest, truest little car on earth."

"Nobody here's against love, as such, taken in moderation. You're in England now. But that doesn't mean, as you'll pretty soon find out, that because we stand for Love we can't protect the public against people who go about—or rather *don't* go about, ha-ha—getting immobilized with it. You admit yourself you were full of love for your car before you even set out, and then you had all this love for pedestrians; what in Harley Street's the use of

pretending you weren't under the influence, mixing it like that?"

"I was hating at the police station. Nobody can say I wasn't."

"Police doctor's report says that when he tested you you were in a condition to recite the whole of *Romeo and Juliet* plus the Sonnets from the Portuguese."

"But when I got my own doctor he said I was mumbling the words, distorting vital passages."

"Don't you ever feel aggressive? Can't you put your foot down on the thingummy and get on out of the way? I suggest you have a chat with the Probation Officer. He'll show you how to get off this Love thing—sonly a habit."

"Slove that makes the world go round, so they say, sir."

"Well, in a case like this I think it would not be inappropriate to remark that it was Love that stopped the wheels going round!"

"Oh ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh ho! by Jove! ho! ho!"

"Tee heavenly heel!"

• •

Recitative for Punished Products

I WAS once a tyre. To bolster sales
My cunning maker filled me full of
nails.

My treads were shredded. I was made
a flat.

By great machines designed to do just
that.

I was a typewriter. Harsh was my test.
Ten years I toiled unoiled without a rest.
One billion times, so claim the
pedagogues,
The quick brown foxes jumped my
lazy cogs.

I used to be a watch. My tick and tock
Were interchanged by polychronic
shock.
The bit of bounce my spring retained
was sapped
By tales of clocks alarmed, of watches
strapped.

All:
How fierce the clangs will be, how shrill
the whirrs
When products punish manufacturers.

JOHN UPDIKE





Hal o' the Ministry

By ANTHONY POWELL

Rudyard Kipling's daughter, Mrs. Elsie Bambridge, is fighting to recover the requisitioned land round her 17th-century home in Cambridgeshire occupied by the United States Air Force.

DAN had come to grief over his Civics, and was kept to see the psychiatrist; so Una went alone to Far Wood Camp. Dan's space-gun that Colonel Dwight K. Hobden, U.S.A.F., had made for him was hidden in an old broken ice-box that someone had thrown away on the west of the wood. Una passed Top Sergeant Schnapperkratz who is not quite right in the head, but can pick up swarms of broads by just raising one eyebrow; and Top-Sergeant Schnapperkratz gave her some gum.

Una slipped through their private gap in the barbed wire, and sat awhile chewing the gum as 'mericanly as she

knew how. Then she took Dan's space-gun from its secret place and fired it towards the Quonset hut right away on the horizon, where a squad of enlisted men were unloading stores for the sanatorium. She heard a grunt.

"Aw hell!" she said aloud, and that was something she had picked up from Dan. "I b'lieve I've tickled up a G.I."

"Are you aware you are trespassing on Government property," a voice cried, "and can be prosecuted under the Act?"

She looked from behind the ice-box most cautiously, and saw a middle-aged man in a dark suit and black soft hat, with a shiny black brief-case under his

arm with the Royal cipher on it in gold, all glowing among the late broom.

"I'm not trespassing," said Una stoutly. "We've been given permission to come here. We've lived here for years—why my family even lived here before the land was requisitioned."

"Oh yes, I understand," said the man. "Your parents or grandparents, or their legal representatives, were the requisitionees at the time of the finalization of the negotiation."

He smiled.

"I'm most awfully sorry I plastered you with the space-gun," said Una. She felt herself blushing.

"Didn't the local representative of Folklore and Ancient Institutional Life inform you that my visit had been arranged by telephonic communication? We spoke."

"Not if you mean Puck. I thought you were a G.I. I—I didn't know you were a—a— What are you?"

He laughed outright, flashing a pair of splendid horn-rimmed glasses and taking off his hat. His hair was thinning beautifully on top.

"They call me Sir Henry Bureauboard. I have been for some years now Chairman of the Commission for Property Exaction, a mobile branch of the Anti-Derequisition Office—it has been called the Pride of the Civil Service."

There was a rustle among the briars. He rose to his feet and listened, beginning to open his brief-case and feel for his fountain-pen. Dan and Puck stumbled through the copse.

"Passed to ye! Passed to ye!" Puck cried. "See what it is to go through the correct channels. Sir Henry Bureauboard—pardon, Hal—says I am the very image of a Public Relations Officer."

"Are you a Civil Servant, sir?" asked Dan. "That's what I want to be when I grow up."

"I was just the same at your age," said Sir Hal. "Good families are very much alike. Mother would sit listening to a wireless talk on Economic Theory—those were days before the Third Programme, you must remember—while Father worked on his Allowances and Income Tax Rebate, and we four



"One good thing, I shan't be alive to see it all happen."

looked through old Civil Service Examination Papers and asked each other questions. I shall never forget the news coming that I'd passed."

"It must have been wonderful," said Una, her eyes dancing. "When did you actually begin to requisition people's property in a big way?"

"Why, in those days," interrupted Puck, "private citizens thought they owned the place. I can even remember in your grandfather's time he behaved just as if he could do what he liked with his own property."

"But it still does belong to us in a way, doesn't it—" Una paused as Puck held up one of his gnarled fingers, inky with decades of filling up forms.

"Naturally, it belongs to you, or your legal representatives, within the terms of the Act," said Sir Hal quietly.

"Exactly," said Puck, "but a few generations ago people were not nearly so aware of the need to grant wider powers to the Requisitioning Authority, whichever it might be."

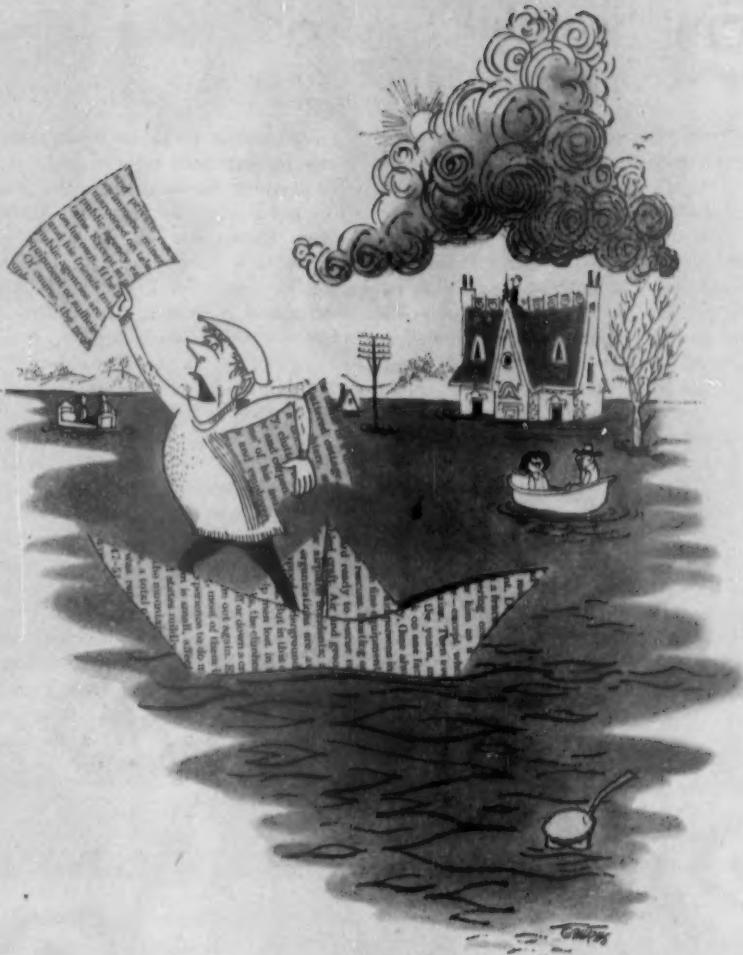
"Well, as I was saying," continued Sir Hal, "it was a great day for me when I first took my seat at the Ministry. And do you know my very first task was to requisition *this property*. Of course I saw at once that it was not going to be at all easy. The owners' great-great grandchildren, or their heirs, might easily get it back unless I did my duty properly. I believe I wrote thirty or forty minutes—many of them inter-departmental—before the end of that afternoon. I had filled my out-tray, and sent one of the messengers for the necessary form to obtain another one, when the young man at the next desk, Pending-Partly—now Sir John Pending-Partly—said 'Come and have a mug of cocoa, Bureauboard.' 'Not till I've tied up this bit of requisitioning, Pending-Partly,' I said.

"I felt angry and ashamed that he should speak of cocoa when my work was still unfinalized.

"Oh you'll soon outgrow that sort of nonsense," he answered. "It is not nearly so easy for the public to get back their property from the Government as you seem to think."

"What a shame," said Una, "after you had written all those minutes. But did you feel happy?"

"Happy?" said Sir Hal. "When the cleaners came in to dust the office the following morning I was still writing.



"Severe deluge . . . all details!"

I felt a bit faint and took some Vitamin B tablets, but I had tied up the requisitioning. After what I had done there was little or no hope of the so-called owners getting it back for four or five generations, if then."

"And did you ever speak to Mr. Pending-Partly again," asked Dan, "after he'd been so beastly?"

"Oh yes we made it up," said Sir Hal, laughing his rich laugh. "He wasn't a bad fellow really. It was just that he went about requisitioning in a different way. He was really very efficient at it. We got our 'K' the same year as a matter of fact."

"You've no idea how the place has improved since those days," said Puck.

"Notices up everywhere, a sewage farm, lots of barbed-wire. We've even been promised two 12,000-ton oil tanks in the grounds. I'm hoping they will cut down some of those awful old trees that have been an eyesore to me for two or three hundred years."

"And you've improved your position too, Puck," said Sir Hal. "You weren't a Civil Servant yourself in those days."

"Nor I was," said Puck, grinning. As he gave the children the Oak, Ash and Thorn, chanting the magic-making words "Passed to ye, passed to ye," they could scarcely hear their own voices gently echoing "We concur," as they raced by Pook's Hill Centre on the way home to tea.

Spy Scandal

By H. F. ELLIS

UNEASINESS about the condition of the British Intelligence Service came to a head last week, with the publication in the Swiss Press of a damaging article by M. Léopold Bergue. "The Intelligence Service," says M. Bergue (in an odd phrase quoted by the *Manchester Guardian*), "is now no more than its former shadow," and he supports his charge with a number of appalling revelations: eighty-three "major cases" left unsolved in the past three years; the presentation by Chinese Communists to a British "Intelligence Service inspector," on his arrival in Hong Kong, of a list of all our agents there, together with their photographs, pseudonyms and numbers; serious failures in Cyprus, owing to the refusal to entrust confidential missions to an excellent Turkish agent; and so on. The mere fact that M. Bergue can write with such certainty, casually ticking off on his fingers the total of our abortive secret inquiries, suggests at least that there has been too much talking. But M. Bergue himself concludes that the fault lies deeper. He attributes what he roundly calls the "decadence" of the Service to a weakness in the spirit of the organization and a reluctance to

move with the times in the technical field.

The correctness of his conclusions is fully substantiated by the findings of the Royal Commission on Spying and Counter-espionage at Home and Abroad, whose Report has recently come into the writer's hands via a disgruntled Kurdish agent. The Report is, of course, Secret and is written in a ludicrously old-fashioned numerical cipher,* but in view of M. Bergue's disclosures no harm can be done by deciphering a few extracts from it here.

ENUMERATION AND IDENTIFICATION

The Commission found that the existing system of numbering was in need of radical revision. Allocation appeared to be on a haphazard basis, agents were frequently left unaware that their numbers had been summarily altered at Headquarters and consequently failed to acknowledge messages, and duplication had reached such a pitch that at last year's Annual Dinner no less than three men and a Eurasian woman rose to reply to the toast of

* Readers may be amused to know that "Her Majesty's Stationery Office" appears on the cover as "105R4 7A592 BX"! The blanks between the groups suggest that the cipher may date back to T. E. Lawrence's time.

"Number Six." The confusion caused in this way has on occasion been exacerbated by the issue of inappropriate code words and recognition-phrases. Agent Number Fourteen (Burma) complained to the Commission that he had been compelled to make himself known to a colleague at the height of the rainy season in Rangoon by calling out "I fear we may have a shower."

The Commission recommends that more care be taken over the choice of code-words and that British agents be renumbered from top to bottom. In particular, in view of the resignation of a promising Singapore contact, whose nerve broke when he was continually greeted by Communist counter-espionage men as "Old Army Pill," they recommend that the number Nine be left in abeyance.

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE—HOME

The Report makes it clear that passive defence measures at home are in general better organized than is our active spying abroad. A careful watch has been kept for several years on a number of nuclear fission workers, guided-missile designers, etc., who have been observed to enter the Soviet Embassy more frequently than the nature of their duties would appear to demand. The names of several of these persons are known, and action will be taken as soon as any information of vital importance is known to have been passed to a potential enemy. But the position with regard to professional foreign agents resident in this country is less satisfactory. At one time their regular haunts were known and arrangements could be made to occupy adjoining tables, but the multiplication of cafés has caught the authorities off their guard. The Commission is especially severe in its criticism of one British counter-agent who had to drink seventeen cups of coffee before he finally tracked his quarry down, "by which time," the Report comments, "he was not in a condition to concentrate on the matter in hand."

TECHNICAL METHODS

Among tricks and subterfuges condemned as "seriously out-of-date" are



"Let's not go through Devizes—we had a puncture there in 1951."

invisible ink, side-whiskers, the tapping out of messages in Morse with the end of a pencil, and over-obvious methods of intercepting correspondence ("The employment of steam to open envelopes," says the Report in this connection, "is out of place in an atomic age"). There is some criticism of delay in the transmission of messages. "We actually interviewed one elderly agent," the Commission reports, "who still believed in writing important messages on his shaven scalp and then waiting until his hair grew again." This man admitted, when questioned, that in nine cases out of ten the message was out-of-date before it was safe for him to travel.

Dark glasses, the Commission notes with relief, are not now worn except for operations in the south of France.

"THE BUCHAN GROUP"

That falling-off in the "spirit of the organization" to which M. Bergue alludes is traced by the Commission, in the concluding paragraphs of the Report, to the continued existence of what has come to be known in the Service as "the Buchan Group." "Spying is after all a career, like any other, and a man who has spent his apprentice years at Victoria Station, on the watch for swarthy Levantines with a trick of inserting forefinger and thumb into the waistcoat pocket when annoyed or anxious to know the time, has a right to expect promotion to investigations of wider interest and importance as he rises in seniority. Yet over and over again the plums of the profession are handed over to dilettante part-time ex-public-school men, often titled, who slip away from West End club or Scottish shooting-box in time to avert a war in Baluchistan or counter an attempt to introduce hydrogen bombs into the House of Lords. This, besides being undemocratic, is bound to react unfavourably on the morale of the rank and file." The Commission considers that espionage should be reorganized on a sounder basis, with normal trade union rights and adequate safeguards against infiltration by unqualified amateurs. The employment, when desirable, of skilled foreign (e.g. Turkish) labour should be the subject of *ad hoc* negotiations.

The Report is signed by that old fool Sir B4907 8316G



The Snail's on the Thorn

I WAS only a simple Birmingham boy from a humble Methodist street,
And the path I chose was straight and close, and held no snares for my feet;
For the world, I guessed, was a viper's nest from what I could see from home,
Where the bad found cheer in women and beer, and the good found refuge in Rome.
But my very striving led me astray (which is often the way it goes),
For I wrote on *What is Wrong With the World* in strong revivalist prose,
And the next I knew I was off to Peru with a case and a palm-beach suit,
And twenty-eight days of foreign ways, and Birmingham not *en route*.

That was twenty-eight days ago (and how quickly the time has sped),
And I feel no doubt I should set about unsaying the things I said:
For I thought there were few things one can do and a thousand things one can't,
But I met a man in the Yucatan who gave me a different slant;
And I thought desire a consuming fire that needed a strong corrective,
But I met a peach on Waikiki Beach who put the thing in perspective;
And I saw a lot of delightful spots, and found much cause for content;
There was much to do, and the sea was blue, and the sun was warm, and I went
In France well-dined, in Spain well-wined, in Norway gorgeously girled;
And I couldn't see for the life of me that much was wrong with the world.

But the essay's there, and fair is fair, and the only thing I can do
Is write to the guys who gave me the prize and tell them it isn't true.
For the urge to truth is a fearful thing, and can make the cagiest rash,
And when all is done, I've had my fun, and they didn't pay me in cash.
I have long-term dates in a dozen states which dames will keep with delight
And offers of work from a wealthy Turk and an aged Israelite;
And thanks to a man in Isfahan who taught me how I should pack
I brought in enough negotiable stuff to pay four passages back;
And the call is strong, and life is long, and the prizes of life are sweet,
And the only thing in the world that's wrong is a narrow Birmingham street.

P. M. HUBBARD



Lots of Good Talk

WHAT makes a man artist, playwright, musician, poet, actor, connoisseur, raconteur and wit? It was to find this out that I invited Michael Cheam to meet me for lunch at a Mayfair restaurant so luxurious that even a great national newspaper wonders whether it is getting value for my expense sheet.

Cheam fired off one of his famous aphorisms even as he shook my hand. "Better late," he said, with a twinkle and a glance at his watch, "than never." I assured him that it did not matter. He shook his head, the controversial streak in him coming out. "For actors," he said, "punctuality is vital. No play can really succeed if the players forget to go to the theatre."

During our doves' eggs in cider Cheam talked of the theatre with the enthusiasm that goes with a deep understanding of its world. "Some people never go to the theatre at all," he said. "Others go frequently, others save their play-going for special occasions."

"Such as a birthday," I put in. His face lit up, like that of a man pleased to have made himself understood. "Exactly," he said. "That's precisely what I mean."

While the waiters bowed low with the sturgeon's fins in *sauce spécialité* I asked if Mr. Cheam had celebrated a birthday of his own lately. "Call me Michael," he said, with an infectious grin. "It's funny you should mention that," he continued, "because I had a birthday only last year, as it happens." He then described, with gaiety and a wealth of sly fun, how his wife (Jeannette Meunier, the actress, composer, ballerina, TV hostess, bareback rider, ski champion, poetess, authoress, big-game huntress, raconteur, wit, cookery expert and Mayfair welfare worker) had ordered the wrong number of candles for the cake. "Even so," smiled Michael, "it took both of us and a waiter three puffs to blow them out!"

What was it like, I asked, to be married to a famous harpist, film-star, choreographer, skating star, diving

champion, sculptress and comedienne? Michael made a little *moue* over his toasted-peach in *garbure*. "It is annoying to get each other's Press cuttings in error," he said. "But I suppose it is good to have more than one wit in a family—makes me hit someone my own size, so to speak." I suggested an amplification of this, and he told me of an instance at the Earl of Clandestine's recent supper party, where the presence of Michael and Jeannette had attracted a number of "gate-crashers." During the after-supper dancing one of the dances was a Ladies' Invitation. As it was announced Jeannette grabbed the microphone from the band-leader and said into it, "Now we shall see how many ladies have invitations!"

When we had both stopped laughing, which was long after the wild strawberries had come and gone ("Strawberries and Cheam, eh?" flashed Michael), I ventured to bring the conversation round to more serious matters. As a successful dramatist well known for his treatment of themes of our time I knew that Michael was more than an arbiter of entertaining small talk. "Tell me—" I began. But

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

he interrupted quizzically: "When people begin 'Tell me,'" he said wryly, "I always suspect trouble." "I'll put it another way, then," I continued. "In your opinion, has television come to stay?"

"I ought really to have notice of that question," said Michael Cheam, thoughtfully sipping a benedictine. After a pause he continued, "You remember what Dr. Johnson said about the dog walking on its hind legs—that it was like a woman preaching a sermon?" I said that I naturally remembered the famous lexicographer's remark. "Well," said Michael, "that's what I feel about television. I disagree with what it says, but—"

"But you'll defend to the death its right to say it?" I interposed.

The famous eyebrows lifted, and I thought for a moment that I had gone too far. Then he smiled. "I was going to say that it's a change for anyone to say *anything* nowadays, don't you agree?"

"That," I replied, "is why it has been such a great pleasure to lunch with you."

But Michael Cheam is not susceptible to flattery. He frowned quickly. "I thought I was lunching with *you*," he said, passing the bill which the waiter had put on his plate.

As I took it he laughed boyishly and rose from the table, moving his chair back a few inches and fastening the button of his jacket. He glanced at his watch.

"Good heavens," he said—"is that the time?"

It was a fitting set-piece of wit to end a brilliant display of verbal fireworks. As he moved towards the cloakroom I felt the darkness of everyday life closing in once more.



"On Lipstick . . . If you cannot use indelible lipstick and you have lip-smudge trouble, try this trick: Make sure your lips are perfectly dry, then powder right over them. Leave to 'set' and then apply lipstick carefully. Blot and apply a second layer. Blot lightly a second time and—you'll have a pretty mouth that will stay with you all evening."—*Daily Mirror*

Or as much of the evening as you have left.



"Dear me! There goes Her Serene Highness again."

Child's Guide to Fashion

Q. Please, Uncle Randolph, why has Cousin Nancy Mitford been writing all those letters to the *Daily Telegraph*?

A. Well, it's rather a long story. You see a lot of nice ladies and gentlemen were organized into panels to decide who were the most elegant English ladies. It seems that as your Uncle Rab only allows English ladies £100 to take abroad, a lot of them have to buy their clothes in England, and it made your Cousin Nancy very angry

to have it thought that pretty clothes could be bought anywhere except in Paris.

Q. Is Cousin Nancy elegant?

A. Very very elegant. You see she lives in Paris and is paid huge sums of money to write books about other elegant ladies like Madame de Pompadour. So she is able to buy her clothes in Paris without so much as asking your Uncle Rab's permission.

Q. Why did Cousin Nancy say that Cousin Mary Marlborough's choice of

elegant women was influenced by her love for horses?

A. I don't know. Cousin Mary says she hasn't seen a horse in years except in a circus. But then, you see, Cousin Nancy lives in Paris; so she probably doesn't know about that.

Q. Who first had the idea of having these panels?

A. Well, there was a good deal of trouble about that. I believe that Uncle Max's *Evening Standard* thought of the idea first.

Q. Who did he have on his panel?

A. Aunt Diana Cooper, Aunt Loelia Westminster, Mr. James Laver and a photographer called Mr. Baron. The *Evening Standard* also asked Uncle Cecil Beaton to be on the panel but he thought one photographer was enough.

Q. What happened then?

A. Well, when your Aunt Pamela Berry heard what the *Evening Standard* was up to she was very cross.

Q. Why?

A. Well, you see, she is the President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers.

Q. Then why wasn't she pleased at the *Evening Standard* giving publicity to elegant English ladies?

A. Oh, but you see, Aunt Pamela is married to your Uncle Michael, who is Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Telegraph*, and she thought it very stick-in-the-mud for the *Daily Telegraph* to be beaten to it by the *Evening Standard*. So she told Uncle Michael that she must have a panel too.

Q. Who was on her panel?

A. Your Cousin Mary, Uncle Simon Elwes (that nice man who paints pictures), Uncle Cecil Beaton, a very pretty Italian lady called Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, and of course your Aunt Pamela.

Q. Do they always have duchesses on fashion panels?

A. Not always, but when Aunt Pamela heard that the *Evening Standard* had got hold of Aunt Loelia she thought she had better have one as well.

Q. Do the panels pick duchesses among their elegant ladies?

A. Good gracious no! That would be thought very undemocratic. It is all right to have duchesses doing the choosing, but it would have been



thought rather snobbish nowadays if the duchesses had chosen other duchesses, even if they were as elegant as themselves.

Q. Didn't Cousin Nancy put a duchess in her list when she wrote and complained about the ladies in the *Daily Telegraph*?

A. Yes, but as she lives in Paris it doesn't matter if people think her snobbish. Anyway, she chose her sister, Cousin Deborah Devonshire.

Q. Did Uncle Cecil take all the photographs of the elegant ladies chosen by the panel?

A. Dear me no. There was no time for that. Aunt Pamela wanted everyone to stir their stumps and get into print before the *Evening Standard*; so they had to use a lot of old photographs. The one of Miss Fonteyn was one which Uncle Cecil had taken quite a time ago, but all the others just came from the picture agencies.

Q. So you mean some of the ladies did not look as elegant as they really are?

A. That is what some people thought.

Q. Well, what about the photograph of Lady Cranborne in that smart coat and skirt? Doesn't she look elegant?

A. Certainly. She always does; but the picture doesn't show how elegant she looks now but how elegant she looked in October 1953. If the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* start dressing like that they'll soon find themselves "behind *The Times*."

Q. I see that Lady Westmorland was photographed in her wedding dress. When was she married?

A. Over four years ago.

Q. Oh! I see. What about the picture of Aunt Mollie Buccleuch's daughter-in-law, Lady Dalkeith? I see the *Daily Telegraph* describes her as having "a reputation for fashion leadership." Isn't her hair much longer than most fashionable women wear it? Doesn't she look a bit out of the swim?

A. I'm afraid she does. You see that photograph was taken four years ago before she was married. She had her hair cut off two years ago. Actually she's very much in the swim.

Q. What about the photographs of the elegant ladies in the *Evening Standard*?

A. Well, when the *Evening Standard* saw that they couldn't get out first they decided to go on much longer; so they were able to have Mr. Baron



photograph most of them looking specially elegant for the occasion.

Q. I see that Lady Dalkeith was chosen by both panels. Doesn't her hair still seem fairly long in the *Evening Standard* photograph?

A. Well, you see, she lives in Scotland, so Mr. Baron couldn't photograph her specially; he used a photograph he had taken three years ago. It was a later one than the *Daily Telegraph* used but was also taken before her marriage.

Q. But I thought you said she was in the swim?

A. Yes, but it's a very grand Scottish swim.

Q. Are the ladies in the *Evening Standard* more elegant than the ladies in the *Daily Telegraph*?

A. I don't know, but most people think they look more elegant. You see, they're mostly wearing modern fashions.

Q. Isn't it rather fuddy-dud of Aunt Pamela to show all these elegant ladies in old-fashioned clothes?

A. Not really. The *Daily Telegraph* is an old-fashioned paper. They probably think the old fashions are more elegant than the new ones.

Q. Do you think Aunt Pamela is thinking of going into the old-clothes business?

A. Of course not; and don't be impertinent. She would be very waxy indeed if she heard you say that.

Q. Isn't Uncle Michael interested in any other papers which know more about fashion than the *Daily Telegraph*?

A. Yes, indeed. He and Uncle Seymour have a controlling interest in that nice shiny paper *Vogue*, and another one called *Woman's Illustrated*.

Q. Wouldn't it be better if Aunt Pamela gave her bright ideas on fashion to *Vogue* or *Woman's Illustrated*?

A. It is not for you to say so, but I should think it would be much better. But don't tell Mr. Patcevitch that I said so. He mightn't like it at all.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

"Catherine Pettigrew was beautiful, virtuous, and discreet. But one sultry summer afternoon she found herself doing something that no good girl would ever think of. It was unfortunate that this thoughtless gesture should have been so misconstrued by the three people who saw her standing in the window. Mrs. Folger, jealous and neurotic, was shocked that such a thing should happen in her own building. The young man who watched her from . . ."

Publisher's advance announcement
Ah, phooey! Lots of girls smoke.



Trade Union of Stabbers

BOMBAY
THE trade union movement of India has grown in seven years of Independence, as evidenced from the report of the verdict of the Madras Industrial Tribunal which appeared in the official *Fort St. George Gazette*.

It all started with a silly domestic quarrel after office hours, followed by a heated argument which resulted in a stabbing affray. The stabber was a workman in a British firm of engineers in Madras. He was arrested, tried in a court of law, convicted, and sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment.

This he served, and on his return from his brief excursion he happily went back to his employers and indicated his desire to rejoin them. The management, somewhat chary of having a stabber loitering about their workshop, politely declined his kind offer of service.

The workman was most aggrieved that his sporting gesture had been scorned and reported the incident to his union. Thus it became an industrial dispute

which the union in turn reported to the Government of Madras. The Madras Government, always correct in matters of procedure, referred the matter for adjudication to the Industrial Tribunal. The case appears to have taken a legal turn thereafter. The management argued that they had taken action under the company's standing orders, which said that if a worker was absent without permission for eight consecutive days, without adequate reason, he could be treated as having lost his job.

The Tribunal thought that in the face of conviction by a criminal court the convicted worker had no option but to serve the sentence of imprisonment. The gaol sentence was, according to the Tribunal, "adequate reason" for being absent from work. The Tribunal further contended that it was "hard and meaningless" on the part of the management to say that the workman had no satisfactory explanation for his absence for more than eight consecutive days. In the words of the Tribunal: "It (the conviction) should be accepted

by all reasonable men as having prevented him (the workman) from attending to his normal duties until the expiry of the period of the sentence." The Tribunal therefore felt that the company's stand was indefensible.

The Tribunal further pointed out that the management had not charged the workman with any act of dishonesty and there was no question of moral turpitude [sic]. In the opinion of the Tribunal the criminal proceedings and the conviction were a personal matter and the incident took place outside the company's premises. It had nothing to do with the relationship of master and servant. It did not in any way affect the discharge of the workman's duties. So the stabber was back at work.

I quite agree. Stabbings after office hours are no concern of the management.

D. F. KARAKA

It's a Jungle, All Right

"The prices in the butchers' shops varied slightly in different streets, but the cheapest had leg of mutton at 3/4 and lion at 4/6 per lb."—*Dublin Evening Mail*

The Vital Question

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

PEOPLE who read about barristers in those dramatically retold stories in the newspapers, in the memoirs of Sir Patrick Hastings, or even in those of Lord Jowitt, soon become familiar with the devastating weapon of cross-examination. Retired leaders of the Bar often reprint their cross-examinations, apparently from memory, and at one point in the string of question and answer always appears the phrase "Then came the vital question . . ." The picture is clear: the brilliant, hawk-eyed advocate, the spellbound court, the judge leaning forward, his pen raised, the jury nudging each other, the reporters' mouths watering. The answer is given. "And then," the modest legal author usually goes on, "the atmosphere in court changed subtly. The popular, handsome Member of Parliament seemed to shrink. His face was sweating. The orchid in his buttonhole wilted. He looked desperately round as if for an escape from that witness box into which he had stepped so jauntily two days before. This case," the author usually ends, "was the turning point of my career."

This sounds very good, and the young barrister, rising unsteadily to his feet for his first cross-examination, prepares to make it the turning point of his career. Perhaps he has some devastating material: a letter, shall we say, written by the witness from Brighton at a time when he has just given evidence that he was in Tunbridge Wells. The putting of the vital question, the turning point of the case, is inclined to go something like this:

YOUNG BARRISTER: Now, Mr. Billings, where do you say you were in July 1949?

WITNESS: Tunbridge Wells.

The barrister, enjoying himself, leans comfortably back on the bench behind him. Perhaps he even puts his hands in his pockets.

YOUNG BARRISTER (*severely*): You recollect that you are on your oath?

WITNESS: Yes.

YOUNG BARRISTER (*triumphantly*): Now perhaps you will look at this letter. Let him see the original.

The ancient solicitors' managing clerk, sitting behind the barrister, wakes up with a start and, after shuffling for

three minutes a file of indescribably crumpled papers, produces a gas bill dated 1946.

YOUNG BARRISTER: Thank you. (*Whispering*) No, this isn't it.

THE JUDGE (*wearily*): Which letter are you referring to, Mr. Lincoln?

YOUNG BARRISTER: My lord, it's on page twenty-three of your Lordship's bundle.

THE JUDGE (*in disgust*): Does it begin "Darling Emmy, it was ever so nice to get your smashing p.c."?

YOUNG BARRISTER (*desperate*): No, my lord. It begins "Dear Rosie, here I am bobbing up again."

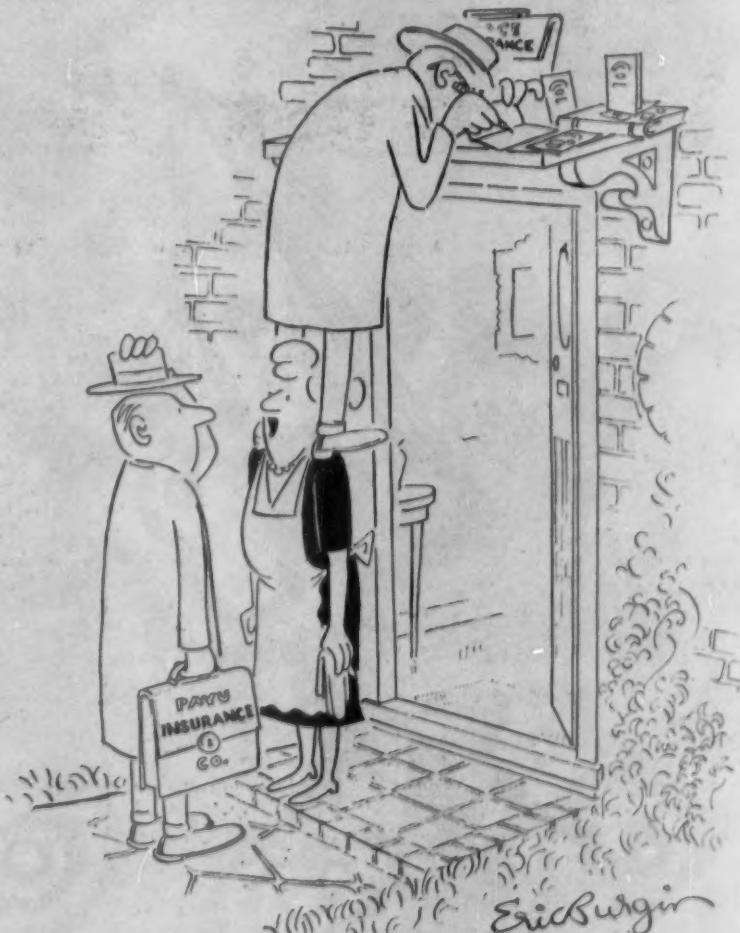
OPPOSING BARRISTER (*rising, bland and middle-aged, in order to add to the confusion*): Perhaps I can assist my friend. There's a reference to Rosie on page twenty-eight, but that seems to be written from Hastings . . .

WITNESS (*brightly*): Perhaps I can help you out —

THE JUDGE: No you can't! Mr. Lincoln, where is this letter?

YOUNG BARRISTER (*who has just been handed a Christmas card dated 1952*): My lord, those instructing me are searching . . .

THE JUDGE (*smiling roguishly*): I see by the letter on page twenty-one that the



"No thank you, we are already fully covered."

witness is commenting unfavourably on the quality of the fish he got at Hastings.

Loud and prolonged laughter in court led by the middle-aged opponent. The YOUNG BARRISTER smiles hysterically.

WITNESS: It had an unpleasant tang, my lord.

THE JUDGE: I dare say it had. Very well, I shall adjourn for lunch. (*Menacingly*) Mr. Lincoln, if you want to put this letter to the witness after the adjournment I shan't attempt to stop you. I must warn you that I fail to see how a letter entirely dealing with fish can have the slightest effect on my mind in deciding the very serious aspects of this case.

YOUNG BARRISTER: But my lord . . .

But the Judge has gone. And the young barrister takes the utterly confused

managing clerk to lunch with the feeling that Sir Patrick Hastings, perhaps, might have managed it differently.

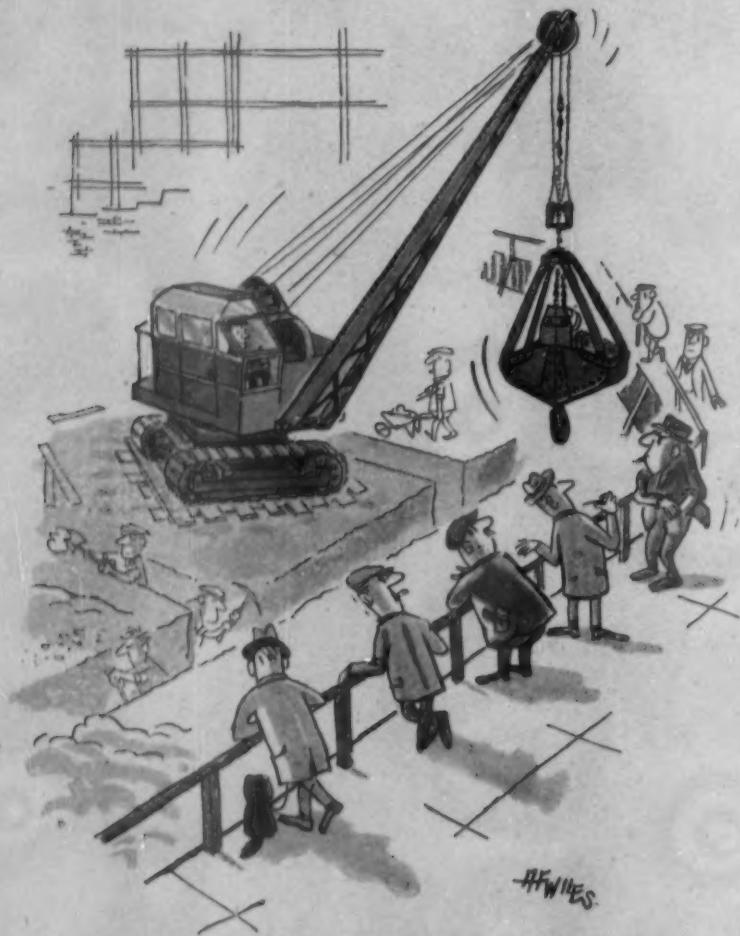
There are two schools of cross-examiners: the old school, derived roughly from the days when purple-faced, bull-necked barristers used to rush from the arena of the Old Bailey to refresh themselves from bottles of stout in the robing room, believe in conducting their whole case in an irritated bellow. The disadvantage of this method is that, once having worked themselves up to a pitch of savage indignation, these advocates find the mood difficult to quell, and they often cause their own clients to faint dead away by the violence of their examination in chief. The modern school goes rather for suave courtesy which, being designed to lure delighted witnesses into dangerous

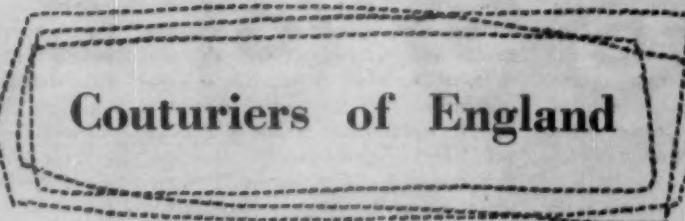
admissions, usually induces such a feeling of good will in the advocate himself that he can scarcely remember whose side he is on. Between these two extremes it is best to steer a middle course, remembering two important points: always stand silently counting up to twenty before you begin—this makes the witness feel uneasily that you are searching for an unanswerable question; and always sit down with an air of enormous satisfaction when you've finished—this makes everyone wonder what on earth they have given away.

No one has experienced the full bluntness of the devastating weapon of cross-examination, however, until he has appeared in one of those interminable divorce cases, such a feature of present-day English legal life, in which all the parties are Polish. By the witness box, a sure protection, stands the interpreter, some ancient Slav Doctor of Law who can speak every European language with some slight but fatal inaccuracy. "Ask him," you thunder, "ask him why he wrote that letter to the landlady's daughter." An interminable Polish dialogue then takes place between the witness and the interpreter, speeches, imprecations, vows, whispered confidences are exchanged as the minutes tick by. Wrapped in the hidden tongue the two voices rise and fall. At last and with difficulty the interpreter makes the witness pause in his life story. Holding up his hand, moistening his lips, he gives the answer everyone has been waiting to write down. "He says," he announces triumphantly, "he says it was a Tuesday."

Even Sir Patrick, of course, had his off-days. "I advise you," he once said severely to a man he was cross-examining, "to answer the questions." "The last time I took your advice," came the dramatic answer from a former client, "I did twelve months."

The truth is, of course, that most cases win or lose themselves. However, not even long experience of shouting hopelessly intelligent questions at the deaf, the Polish or the blandly helpful can dull a barrister's ambition. In the years to come he hopes to be able to write his autobiography. Even the obscure letter about the fish may then have grown clear with the years. "And then," he will write, describing his first case, "and then came the vital question . . ."





ALL worked hard to make the London Fashion Openings a success. The President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers and wife of the President of the Board of Trade appeared together at four dress shows a day for three days on end. Appeared, what is more, in the constant change of millinery that was expected of them.

In addition there were all the social occasions which the presence in London of overseas visitors entails, including a reception at the Mansion House, graced by royalty. No Lord Mayor, not even Dick Whittington, has ever before flung open his portals for a dressmakers' soirée. This gesture must surely be taken as an indication of the fashion trade's new elevated status, social, political, and economic. A formidable pyramid, indeed, has been built on the shifting sands of fashion; not unlike the pyramid of acrobats at a circus, for its weight is balanced on the shoulders of eleven men and one woman, the *couturiers* of England. Wholesale clothes and textiles bring in the money, but for prestige in the world of fashion *haute couture* is all important. The onus on our twelve is therefore very great—they contend with fifty-one members of the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*.

A dress-designer catches the mood of the moment and translates it into the mode of the day. That is why different designers, working not only individually but secretly, simultaneously present collections through which run similar trends; trends which become, once the collections have been shown, the fashion of the season... ephemeral, yet not without meaning. The frills and fooleries of a period, the songs and snatches, are often more moving than the serious things which will outlast them. These spring dress collections give us a picture, a flavour, of our summer months ahead. As to the weather, what's to come is still unsure; as to the

fashions, what's to come can now be seen.

The lady who is dressed by Stiebel will not be dressed to kill but to enslave. Her strength will be fragility, a parasol her weapon. Her dress, of the same rose-printed silk as the parasol, will have a demure neckline, a natural bosom, and will be swathed at the hips from whence it will flow freely, making a delicious *frou-frou* as she walks. She will wear a white bonnet by Edelle, threaded through with damask ribbon to match the roses of her dress. And she will have a full-length green silk coat, lined with damask-red, just in case the sun should rest behind a cloud.

Hartnell, also, is looking through the February gloom with rose-tinted sunglasses. A pink shantung coat goes over a printed chiffon dress; organdi picture frocks go with Claude Saint-Cyr's cartwheel hats—one with osprey feathers all round the brim, one made

entirely of open-work cotton. There are printed silk suits, cotton tweed suits, and a brilliant yellow shantung duat-coat; it is *dust* we shall need to protect ourselves from next summer, not wind, or rain, or cold. This dust-coat was worn over a slate blue silk street-dress, full-skirted and tortuously tucked; one of several tucked silk dresses which were the pick of Hartnell's bunch. These two royal dressmakers, Hartnell and Stiebel, are romantics. They are not interested in the straight silhouette which began in Paris with the H-line and has now become the A-line. It is true Hartnell is showing bosoms that are higher, closer, more subdued, but he achieves this softly, by cross-swathing of the bodice. These bodices have the new longer line, with fullness from the hips; but, again, a soft effect is given by floating panels or by a plethora of pleats.

What are mere hints by Hartnell are



plain directions by Michael. For Michael is to Hartnell and Stiebel as rhubarb is to peaches and cream: straight and astringent. Narrow, square shoulders, narrowly double-breasted jackets, strict skirts. Dresses have camisole neck-lines and are often sleeveless under matching jackets. Jackets, even in silk suits, have hacking slits. The only curve is in the jacket basque, which stands out, stiffened. These stiffened basques also appeared at Lachasse, where dress fabrics—shantungs, foulards, grosgrains, printed cottons, wool and chenille tweed—make tailored suits and even top-coats. Hardy Amies, too, gives emphasis to the basque by low-placed pockets. Many of his suits have fitted over-jackets, double-breasted and slightly longer than the suit jacket. These are more trim for spring than a top-coat, less clumsy in a car.

The Slink is no relation of the Snark; nor has it those endearing traits which made Belloc's tiger "kittenish and mild." The Slink is John Cavanagh's conception of this summer's silhouette: lean, yet less rectangular than Michael's; with long beltless bodice, the waist just indicated by in-curving seams. There is not a belt in the whole of Cavanagh's collection. Yet the Slink by no means dominates the scene. Cheerfulness breaks in, and the impression as a whole is, paradoxically, one of such vivacity that this collection challenges Ronald Paterson's as the collection of the week.

For Ronald Paterson, one of the newest and youngest of the London designers, undoubtedly scored a triumph. He showed dark silk coat-frocks with basques (basques again!) for midday strolling along sunny Mayfair

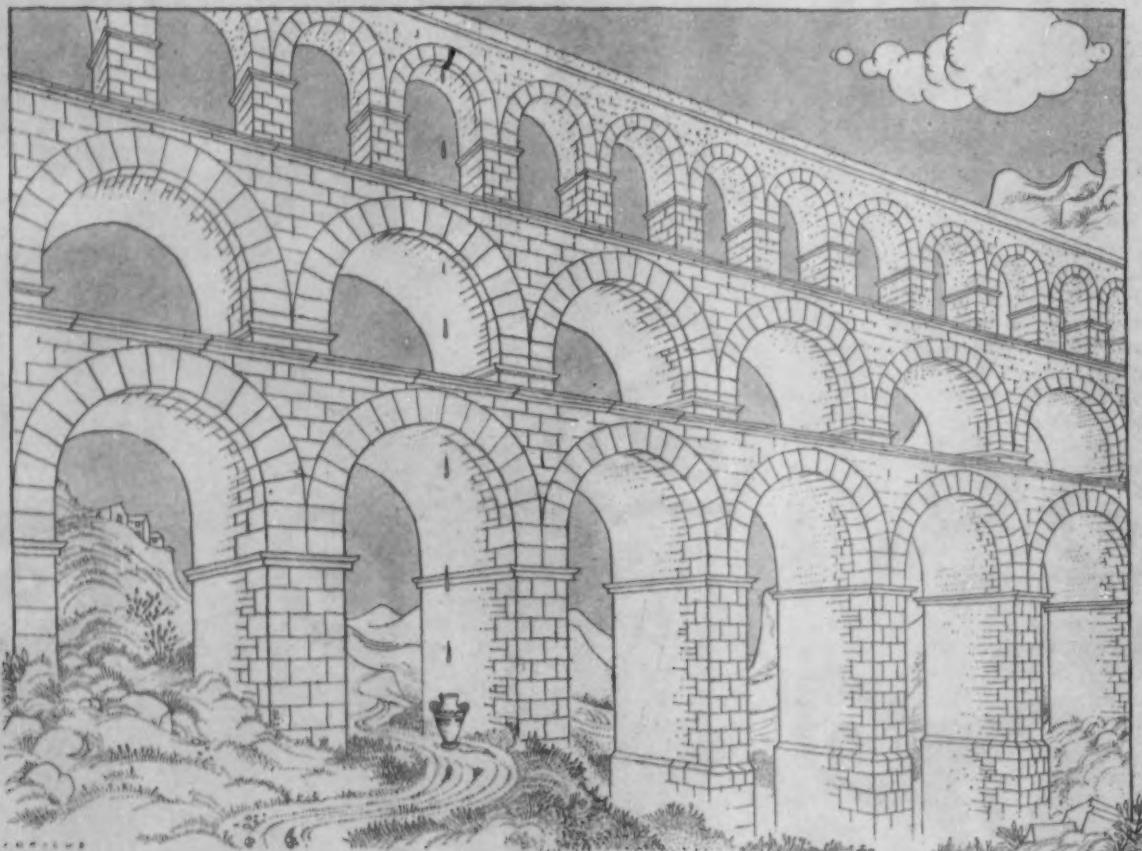
pavements; for less aimless mornings, linen street-dresses with matching jackets. His softly draped long coats have sleeves which curve out from the waistline, giving them the look of capes; the look, indeed, of Paris. The camisole top, the tunic bodice, the new long line, the new lithe elegance—it is all there at Paterson's. But it is expressed with a calculated youthful nonchalance; for evening, thrown into a careless romance.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

• •

"They will see Eileen back home again in Bradford, quite soon. But she will have changed. There will be an elegance about her clothes, a self-possessiveness about the way she knows how to eat the cherry in her dry martini . . ."—*Daily Mirror*

And to curse the waiter for putting it there.



It's That Word Again

FAR more worrying than the fact that the national economy is now revealing unmistakable signs of inflation (the chairmen of the Big Five and their clerks are all agreed on this) is the revelation that "controlled inflation"



is winning favour in certain quarters as "an essential ingredient in progressive economic policy." This means, constant reader, that some people think it a good idea to lubricate industrial relations by keeping wages and prices permanently on the shuffle and on the climb, a good idea to keep the economic picture moving so fast that nobody can afford to take a close look at any one part of it.

The term "inflation" has been headlined so often in recent years that it has become a scare-word: like "tension" and "crisis" it has the power to make our flesh creep. Inflation, as the authors of *1966 And All That* would say, is a bad thing.

But we must not forget that inflation is also "a good thing." Anyone who buys and sells for a living can do uncommonly well out of inflation. If he buys before he sells—and that is after all the natural order of operations—he cannot avoid making a profit on the transaction. He buys at £x and sells at £x plus costs, plus profit margin, plus the difference between his old buying-price and the new one. A nice unearned increment. Merchants, manufacturers and, of course, middlemen all do pretty well out of inflation, especially when it is controlled or gentle.

You too, reader, can muscle in on the old vicious spiral. If you can afford to buy in bulk—coal, potatoes, tea, petrol, anything—it is more than likely that part of your stock will be consumed at less than its market price. And if you buy on hire-purchase there is a good chance that your gadget will be priced at more than you have agreed to pay before you have coughed up the last of your instalments.

On the whole, though, you will not get much change out of inflation. You

don't normally threaten to strike; and even if you do the country won't take your threat seriously. And so your salary remains hopelessly out-of-date, trailing wages, prices and dividends. From time to time, decade to decade, whenever your poverty becomes so acute that the seat and turn-ups of your trousers threaten to reduce the tone of the office, the proprietors will announce an adjustment in salaries, but the rise will hardly be worth all the publicity and the resultant supercilious affability of the neighbour who makes a packet out of second-hand whajamacallits.

Not all the supporters of gentle inflation do so from motives of self-interest: there are some misguided souls

who honestly believe that the spiral (the declining purchasing-power of the pound and the sufferings of the middle classes) is a small price to pay for industrial peace and an atmosphere of prosperity. Industrial peace? There is the same kind of peace between East and West and it is called the cold war. Prosperity? For whom, and for how long?

The surest way of heading for ruination is to undermine the people's confidence by sniping at their savings, and to price the country's manufacturers out of the export markets by letting costs of production get out of hand. Gentle inflation means slow death.

MAMMON



Temptation in Eden

ONE of the hazards of living in the country is that there is much more temptation there than in any city. I'm not suggesting that one is seduced into Dark Nights on Dartmoor or gay sprees in Somerset. One is not, and



more's the pity. For it is comparatively easy to resist the temptation to spend money; where most of us fall, is when we are given the chance to make it. And that's why living in the country is so ruinous.

Those who dwell in London are seldom tempted to open a shop, run a bus, or start any sideline far removed from their own business. But one has no sooner acquired two or three idle acres than the devil drives up in a small van, and looking like any other country spiv, tries to persuade you to add to your income. As I say, Satan works in wondrous ways. If he came trying to borrow a fiver or sell you a crate of champagne he'd find it difficult. But he does nothing of the sort; he tells you that your neighbour is making £1000 a year on two acres keeping hens in batteries, and then offers to supply you

with day-old chicks. Or he talks about the easy money to be made growing blackcurrants. And if you don't fall for either of these distractions his repertoire is far from exhausted. And in the end he'll have you with the bait that you can improve the value of your property by turning it into a caravan site, or he'll have you by suggesting that there's a fantastic return to be made by serving tea to tandems.

My own particular hazard is a small stream called Strawberry Water. It flows through a Devon combe, a quicksilver thread between the bracken hills. In a drought you can almost jump across it; in winter it rises, running red with soil. Ever since I was a child I have sat by its banks. But I haven't been meditating abstractly. The dragonflies parading like mannequins over its quiet pools pass unnoticed. My mind is on higher things: profit.

Surely it would pay me, I say to myself, if I were to dam the stream up at some narrow point and install a turbine which could light the valley, and would it not be a good idea then to stock the resulting pool with fish? I usually end up by working out my returns on the back of an envelope: 20 kilowatts sold at 6d per unit; cost of fuel, nil; profit 450 per cent. Sale of fat trout to hotels, say 500 fish per month at 3/- = £75 = £780 per annum.

The more I look at the figures the more attractive my line seems to be. It's not so easy to resist temptation when you are the tempter and the tempted too. An old heron standing under a tangle of alder watches my struggle, and clicks its beak anticipating its new rôle of being unnoticed overhead.

RONALD DUNCAN



Monday, January 31

Loud cheers from both sides greeted the announcement by Mr. WILLIAM STEWARD that for

House of Commons :
The Cocos Islands

the first time in a decade the Kitchen Committee had made a profit on the year's trade. True, it was only £425 1s 7d., which is meagre enough compared with the five-figure deficits of recent years; and of course there were plenty of people who, mistrustful of any Conservative enterprise that shows a profit, threw out dark hints of victimized staff and riotous week-end parties; but there was no doubt that the slight smacking of the lips that accompanied Mr. STEWARD's account of his stewardship was well justified.

The debate on the transfer of the Cocos Islands from the ægis of the Colonial Office to that of the Australian Ministry of External Affairs was like a touchstone that brought out from each Member who took part an intervention in his most characteristic vein. Mr. HOPKINSON introduced the bill in a speech that began like a boys' adventure story, and which disclosed among other things the fact that the islands were originally incorporated in the British Empire by mistake, a different cluster

of Cocos Islands, in the Andamans, being intended. Then Mr. FRANK BESWICK talked about civil aviation, Sir LESLIE PLUMMER about colour discrimination, Mr. MONT FOLICK (neglecting the opportunity to point out that the islands employed a decimal currency) about his early days in Australia, and Dr. HYACINTH MORGAN—somewhat incoherently—about the West Indies and the language of his fellow-Members. It was odd that such a simple and beneficent bill, concerning merely a transaction between friends, should have stirred up so many varieties of ill-will.

Tuesday, February 1

The committee stage of the Oil in Navigable Waters Bill began with a

House of Lords :
Trouble in Oiled Waters

good deal of discussion as to what House of Commons : constituted oil, Bonny Scotland and what constituted water, and whether the former did in fact float on the latter, and it was not until quite late in the afternoon that Lord LUCAS OF CHILWORTH introduced a really contentious note into the debate when he proposed that masters of ships found guilty of polluting the ocean should be liable to imprisonment. When

Lord WINSTER and Lord RUNCIMAN pointed out to him how dangerous such a provision might be, he altered course by 180° and justified his amendment on the ground that he had only put it forward in order that Lords WINSTER and RUNCIMAN might express the views they had: or so it seemed. Masters of vessels may, at all events, pollute the ocean without a greater risk than a fine of £1,000.

The Commons devoted the entire day to Scottish affairs, which they had to consider without the benefit of their Secretary of State, who was indisposed. During question-time Mrs. MANN, with her customary Jeremiad expression, announced that the reluctance of the Government to proceed with the new town of Cumbernauld was "the most mean and contemptible thing in Scottish history." Other Scottish Members who had come down to the House with armfuls of injustice to the Scots were by no means put off by this sweeping assertion. What really hamstrung them was the fact that, as they readily admitted, Scotland was going through a phase of prosperity unequalled in its history. It was not, in fact, Scotland that needed saving from the Scottish Office, but the Scottish Office from the ever-growing pressure of the Scots.

Wednesday, February 2

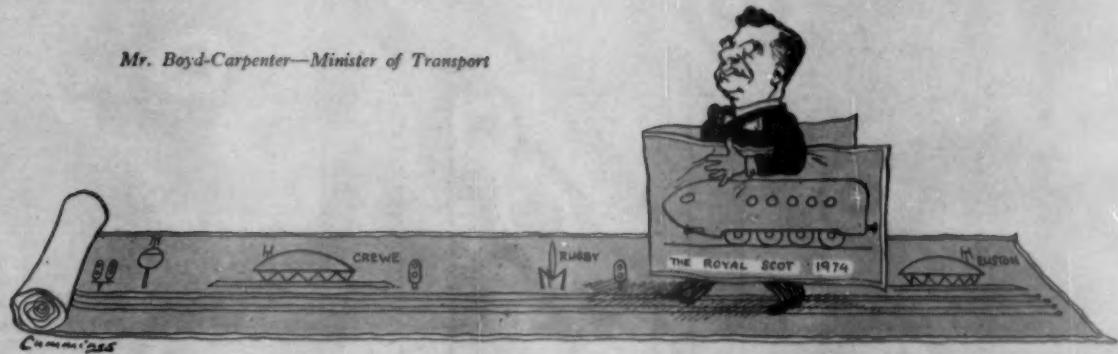
When Mr. LENNOX-BOYD entered towards the end of question-time he was greeted by

House of Commons :
Colonial Welfare

amicable Opposition cries of "There's the villain!" but he was heard with patience and, on the whole, approval both during his statement on West Indian federation and when he introduced the debate on the second reading of the Colonial Development and Welfare Bill.

Between these two performances were a variety of *entr'actes*. Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER gave some information about the Government's road-building plan that, despite its really ambitious scope, ended up, as always, in complaints from all over the House that *their* part of the country wasn't getting a fair crack of the whip; and two Members introduced bills under the Ten-Minutes Rule. The latter of these, a measure to provide for the introduction of a decimal currency, was the work of Mr. MONT FOLICK, who pleaded for it with all his customary unorthodoxy. Having distributed a number of large silver and gold coins about the House, he announced that as his time in Parliament was drawing to a close, he would dearly love a little triumph, and

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter—Minister of Transport



besought the House to divide on his motion so that he could win the division. But he pleaded his cause too well, and was given leave to bring in his bill without even the formality of a vote.

The House returned to earth when Mr. LENNOX-BOYD outlined his proposals for spending £120,000,000 on the Colonies over the next five years. Mr. JIM GRIFFITHS was presumably voicing the policy of his party when he complained that the sum allocated was not big enough; but Mr. THOMAS REID was just as certainly not when he proposed birth-control as the only reliable solution to all our colonial difficulties. Some more unorthodoxy turned up later in the debate when Mr. TOM IREMONGER had a short dispute with Mr. SORENSEN about the number of bishops eaten by the Great Mamba tribe on the island of Erromanga in the New Hebrides.

Thursday, February 3

The Opposition countered the Government motion on the railways wages settlement with a doctrinaire amendment regretting that the Government had

"wrecked the constructive policy of transport co-ordination" by selling the nationalized road services. (They were bound to do something of the kind if they wanted to avoid the appearance of disapproving of the wages settlement.) But the debate almost founded because the Opposition disliked the way it was being conducted by the Government. Three Ministers were engaged; Mr. WATKINSON was to go in first for the Ministry of Labour, then Mr. BUTLER was to give the Government's reply to the amendment, and Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER to wind up. Unfortunately Mr. WATKINSON was so completely uninformed in his opening speech that the Opposition found themselves laden with ammunition but without a target to fire it at. This so dismayed them that Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, pulling one of his longest faces, got up and proposed the adjournment of the debate.

Luckily Mr. BUTLER was willing to go in higher up, and thereupon rose to announce the Government's plans for paying the railwaymen. Why it was necessary for him to do this before Mr. MORRISON could deplore the sale of British Road Services was not quite

clear. However, from that point, the debate pursued a more usual course, and no one was found to propose that Mr. CALLAGHAN would be able to wind up more effectively for his side if Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER were to wind up for the Government first.

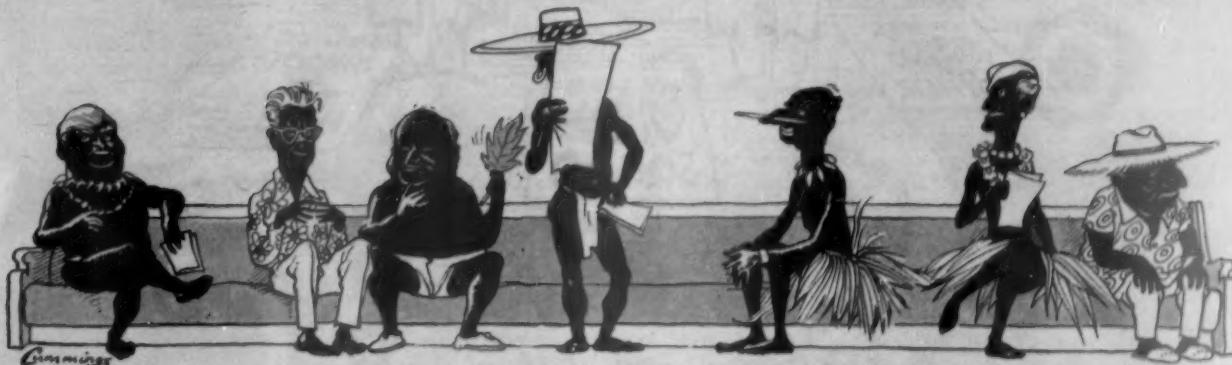
As a matter of fact the Opposition's case might have been rather better if Mr. CALLAGHAN had not spoken at all; his wild charges that the Government was "trying to break the N.U.R." (when in fact they had completely given in to them) were more suited to a Hyde Park demonstration than to a serious debate in the House of Commons, and in the long run simply helped Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER to show the Government's record in a good light.

Friday, February 4

A bright springlike day was the unseasonable setting for Mr. GERALD NABARRO's Clean Fog

House of Commons: Air Bill. Two Members for Stoke-on-Trent opposed this measure, but only because they hoped the Government would officially offer something even more comprehensive. The Government obliged.

B. A. YOUNG



Mr. Aneurin Bevan—Mr. Fenner Brockway—Mr. Leslie Hale

Mr. John Strachey—Dr. Summerskill—Mr. James Griffiths



Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Exodus. xx, 8



BOOKING OFFICE

De Gaulle, C'est Moi

Mémoires de Guerre: L'Appel, 1940-1942.
Charles de Gaulle. Librairie Plon, 1,200fr.

IN the world of action, even more than in other fields, the relatively successful are often more interesting, as well as more admirable, than the successful. Thus, for instance, Charles de Gaulle is, inherently, more interesting than Roosevelt or Stalin or Churchill, each of whom has been largely publicized out of existence. By the same token, whereas Roosevelt's writings (such as they are) reach a pitch of banality which would not come amiss in the leader columns of *The Times*, and Stalin's are so turgid and laboured that even the Marxist Elect find it difficult to praise them convincingly, and Sir Winston Churchill's grow wearisome as their rhetoric becomes more automatic, de Gaulle's *Mémoires de Guerre* convey an impression of freshness and of grace.

Only the first volume, covering the period 1940-1942, has so far appeared. Few who knew this strange, gauche character would have credited him with the literary accomplishment he here displays. What he has to say is said forcefully and truthfully, and without straining after effect. Above all, there is a kind of dignity about the whole which is nowadays as rare as it is refreshing. Even his egotism (which, in a sense, is monumental) is scarcely distressing because it is related rather to a sense of destiny than to self-importance. He refers at times to de Gaulle as though he were a quite separate person from the narrator. It is a regal practice, but in the circumstances permissible. If he explains himself and the position he found it necessary to take up in London, there is little self-justification and no trace of self-pity.



The story of the collapse of France in 1940 has, heaven knows, been told often enough. French politicians like Reynaud and Bonnet and Baudouin have had their say; so has Sir Edward Spears (in an excellent book—*The Fall of France*), as well, of course, as Sir Winston Churchill. Even so, de Gaulle's narrative is absorbingly interesting. It is a fresh approach—the approach of a disinterested, pure man. Moreover, he is merciful, and that, too, is surprising, because, in his public capacity, he has often seemed harsh and unforgiving. His brief account of Pétain, for instance, is touching and perceptive. In spite of everything, he says, he remains convinced that, but for his decrepitude, "le maréchal Pétain n'aurait pas consenti à revêtir la pourpre dans l'abandon national."

"Mais, hélas! les années, par-dessous l'enveloppe, avaient rongé son caractère. L'âge le livrait aux manœuvres de gens habiles à se couvrir de sa majestueuse lassitude. La vieillesse est un naufrage. Pour que rien ne nous fût épargné, la vieillesse du maréchal Pétain allait s'identifier avec le naufrage de la France."

No one could have had a more difficult hand to play than de Gaulle when he arrived in London finally convinced that there was no possibility of the French Government moving to North Africa and continuing the war. Few outside specifically military circles had ever heard of him. He had neither money nor followers. The natural consequence would have been for him to become a purely symbolic figure—a voice, a presence, which could have been used to keep alive the fiction of *La France Libre*. This rôle he refused to undertake. He watched over what he conceived to be French interests with a jealous eye; he embodied, necessarily grimly and awkwardly, French *amour propre* in a manner which might have

been envied by one of Napoleon's marshals at the height of the First Empire. He made *La France Libre* a reality, and in due course transformed it into *La France Combattante*.

How he did all this is described in great detail, and with great sincerity, in his memoirs. The tactlessness and the mistakes are all admitted, as well as the often morbid suspicions which made him see in British opposition to his plans, for instance in Syria, a desire to take advantage of France's parlous plight to steal her empire. Yet the fact remains that, at the end of the war, of all the emigré figures in London he alone emerged as the unquestioned leader of his country. Had he been more pliant and tactful, had he sought more diplomatically to be *persona grata* in Washington and in London, this could not have happened. As he saw it, he had to be stiff-necked to ensure that when his country was free again it would also be great again. Stiff-necked he certainly was, but the recovered greatness of his country remains highly dubious.

In subsequent volumes he will doubtless explain why, having at last achieved supreme power in a France freed from Nazi occupation, he could find nothing to do with it except to allow the discredited, ramshackle Third Republic to be reborn. This is the great mystery of his astonishing career. No Frenchman since Napoleon, not even Clemenceau, has been accorded the same degree of authority as was de Gaulle. He could have done anything he liked without having to risk the odium of unconstitutional action. The politicians whose names have again become familiar to us as they go ignominiously in and out of office were quite impotent. With his hand full of aces and trumps, he would not take a single trick, and finally threw his cards down on the table in a rage and stalked out.

Why? I once put this question to him directly. Seated at a desk which seemed much too small, a grey, sad, disproportionate figure, he had been rumbling away about the hopelessness of the Constitution and the inadequacy of the politicians who were supposed to make it work. After all, the Constitution was his creation, and the politicians

had been resurrected from deserved obscurity under his aegis. His only answer was to rumble on, with a vague reference to the unsuitability of the moment for the national salvation he meditated.

A hint of the true explanation is to be found, perhaps, in a conversation he had with M. Corbin, French Ambassador in London at the time of the Armistice, who had resigned the day after de Gaulle's radio appeal, but declined to join him. "Vous avez raison!" M. Corbin said to him, ". . . Mais je suis un vieux fonctionnaire. Depuis quarante ans, je vis et j'agis dans un cadre régulier. La dissidence, c'est trop pour moi!" May it not be that de Gaulle, too, is conditioned to acting in a regular manner; that dissidence is alien to him also, that he belongs rather to a disintegrating past than to an ominously gathering future?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Corner-Stone. Zoé Oldenbourg. *Gollancz*, 15/-

Madame Oldenbourg can render both the look of the Middle Ages and its states of mind. She can also tell a story. This tale of a family from early thirteenth-century Champagne lacks obvious conflict and shape; but it is enthralling. Part of the secret is the interweaving of episodes of different lengths. Some concern the old knight who has left his fief and, though blind, walks through the ravaged Albigensian lands to Marseilles, takes ship to the Holy Land and ends as a captive of the Paynim.

At cunningly varied intervals attention is switched to his vigorous, showy son and the women who have suffered through him. Then, before extrovert brutality and splendour can pall, the story turns to the third generation, a handsome, courtly boy who pines for the love of a wayward lady, fights in tournaments despite a weak heart and ends with chapped hands and bent spirit in a monastery. I had to take the scholarship on trust, though I could not help feeling that the atmosphere belonged to the end rather than the beginning of the century.

R. G. G. P.

Lord Liverpool and his Times. Sir Charles Petrie. *James Barrie*, 25/-

It can be no easier to paint the portrait of a man without a physiognomy than to make bricks without straw. Yet that, in effect, is what Sir Charles Petrie has attempted. That Liverpool, Prime Minister of England for fifteen uninterrupted years, deserved something better than the ridicule of Disraeli and the opprobrium of the Whigs is now usually admitted. Sir Charles Webster long ago established the value of his support of Wellington in the Peninsula; and in the light of more recent events and measures Peterloo and the Six Acts loom less enormous than once they did.

But as an individual Liverpool is virtually non-existent and Sir Charles

Petrie has failed to bring him to life. Perhaps had he inquired a little farther he might have been more successful: he makes no reference, for instance, to the important correspondence of Lord Bathurst or to Mrs. Arbuthnot's unfriendly journal. What he has given us is a pious memorial effigy and a very readable chronicle of a period of absorbing interest which has already exercised innumerable pens.

F. B.

Night Rider. Robert Penn Warren. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 13/-

Novel reviewers nowadays—pressed for time and prone, therefore, to snap-judgments—too often equate length with literary "importance": as if a person's professional capabilities were to be assessed in terms of physical height and bulk. Robert Penn Warren is no more a "major novelist" than someone afflicted with gigantism is necessarily a "great man": his ambitions, like those of his chosen protagonists, outstrip the knowledge and ability needed for their

successful realization, while his gift for picturesque language often degenerates into verbosity for lack of self-discipline. In his first novel, now republished in England—a "Southern," strongly influenced by Faulkner in style and technique—the psychological motivation of Percy Munn, the emotionally-sterile, power-intoxicated young lawyer, remains as complete an enigma to us, after reading four hundred and forty-six pages, as it does to Munn himself.

The author's fictional study of Huey Long, *All the King's Men*, was translated into a magnificent film by compression and deletion of all irrelevancies; and some experience of scenario-writing—reputedly bad for most writers—might prove beneficial to Mr. Penn Warren in the future.

J. M.-R.

The Fabulous Leonard Jerome. Anita Leslie. *Hutchinson*, 21/-

Sir Winston Churchill's grandfather was a eueptic tycoon who enjoyed horses, musicians and pretty women: his



"And I suppose the rest of the population is hanging on till after the Princess's visit."

grandmother was one quarter Red Indian and had social ambitions that she decided could not be satisfied among her racket husband's Wall Street buddies. She took her three high-stepping daughters to be brought up in Paris, where they whirled in the Imperial circle, and on the fall of the Second Empire they pouted and migrated to humdrum London. Soon they were sweeping through Society, and Jennie married Lord Randolph Churchill, who not only rose and fell dramatically but was challenged to a duel by the Prince of Wales.

Miss Leslie is more interested in the smart, Europeanized girls than in Father, whom we see very much through the eyes of his womenfolk. There is some interesting material about the organization of American racing, but the financial history, which is the basis of everything else, is treated laboriously and uneasily. Jerome's operations deserve the epithet "fabulous," but here they are dramatized in externals and treated aridly and scrappily in essentials. Miss Leslie's aptitudes are for the social and domestic.

R. G. G. P.

Soldiering On. General Sir Hubert Gough.
Arthur Barker, 16/-

From the wide and interesting panorama of General Gough's military life, that stretched between service in India as a cavalry subaltern in the 'nineties and command of the Chelsea Home Guard fifty years later, it is ironical that the two events with which he is now most associated both found him at odds with authority. General Gough has already devoted a book to the operations of the Fifth Army, and there is nothing new in this one; but it is the first time he has published his account of the Curragh "mutiny" of March 1914.

In this monstrous affair the officers of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, which he then commanded, were offered by Sir Arthur Paget, the very obtuse G.O.C.-in-C. at Dublin, the alternatives of taking part in such action against Ulster as might result from Asquith's proposed Irish Home Rule Bill, or of being "dismissed the Service." Most of them, not surprisingly, opted for resignation, and their brigadier came to be thought of as a kind of arch-mutineer. As in his account of the Fifth Army operations, General Gough is remarkably free with imputations of bad faith—"peppery" is a modest description of the General's character as he himself delineates it—but there seems small doubt that he was utterly right in his attitude, even if a little truculent in his revelation of it.

B. A. V.

A Victorian Boyhood. L. E. Jones.
Macmillan, 18/-

Mr. L. E. Jones (famed as a winner of countless literary competitions) comes of a family settled in Norfolk for two or three hundred years. "The Entrepid Jones," a Peninsular War officer, was



created a baronet: another ancestor was murdered by brigands. Taking the author's grandfather over the field of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington remarked: "In fact, there was so much misbehaviour, that it was only through God's mercy that we won the battle."

There are some good Eton stories. Pressed by the C.O. (a master) to become a cadet-officer in the Corps, the boy Jones refused "Because it means lunching with the Masters on field-days, sir." He winced, poor man, but did not pursue the subject." We see another master, Broadbent, hit by a boy with a catapult while gardening, deliberately presenting a tempting target to another stinging shot, that his wife might mark down the malefactor, or Booker eccentrically striking a match on his French colleague's bald head. It was, by the way, surely Wells's house and not Headlam's who all wore horn-rimmed spectacles and numbered off at inspection "nine, ten, knave, queen, king." These very enjoyable reminiscences add yet further evidence of the extraordinary unconventionalities of conventional English upper-class life.

A. P.

Chair-Lift. E. H. Clements. *Hodder and Stoughton, 10/6*

Much can be forgiven the writer who can write, and Miss Clements, who can also set a scene (small Swiss resort), paint a character (sardonic but resourceful Ministry official) and pose a problem (minor Civil Servant vanishes on holiday) must be forgiven a slight thinness of plot, leisureliness in development and obscurity in solution.

For one glaring improbability—a newspaperwoman persuaded to suppress a sensational story out of sheer womanliness—some censure must lie. However, this is a light, bright novel full of agreeable moments and sharp observation. Only the Communist menace, which the author may not have had much to do with in real life, seems to suffer from blurred outlines.

J. B. B.

AT THE OPERA
*Prince Igor—Ero the Joker
Pagliacci (STOLL)*

AFTER *Igor* the indulgent were saying apropos the Yugoslav National Opera, responsible for these three productions, that Yugoslavia is tiny, that Zagreb has had regular opera since 1909 only, that the country has often been convulsed and war-torn, and that, all things considered, we must be kind and not expect too much. Such pleading offers little solace to the plain, unindulgent opera-goer whose standards derive from Covent Garden at its recent best and the post-war visits of certain other foreign companies: the Scala, the Viennese and the Munichers.

Prince Igor, a fancy-dress concert rather than music-drama, scraped by on its second-act dances. The singing of the women principals, even when allowance is made for first-night jumpiness, was middling to woeful. The men, on the other hand, were secure and agreeable of voice, their style basically Slavonic with fascinating tinctures of Italian. What most of them lacked was personality, stage presence, mellowness. Generally

speaking they looked young and gawky. Igor himself was obviously not a day older than his son, his spirit-gummed beard deceiving nobody.

The one exception to the prevailing immaturity was the Khan Kontchak of DRAGO BERNARDIC, who has a rich though not especially powerful bass, wears breathtaking robes with casual dignity and is not put off his stroke even when his moustache, a snaky Mongolian growth, comes unstuck in mid-aria.

Pagliacci, rawer even than *Igor*, is best forgotten. What I shall remember long and with affection is *Ero the Joker*, a rustic comic opera about a ragged village prankster who persuades a rich farmer's wife that he is on a mission from heaven.

JOSIP GOSTIC sang *Ero* throughout at the top of his tenor, which pierced like a cornet in a drill hall. The music, conducted by its composer, JAKOV GOTOVAC, was modal, strumming and jolly, vaguely tasting of Smetana-Dvorak, and not in the least distinguished. The quick copious dialogue was in Serbo-Croatian, to which I had neither crib nor clue. But the miming was so vivid, the people on the stage, with their strong or pretty Balkan profiles, were so rewarding to see, the peasant trappings and embroideries they wore made so fresh and resonant a patterning, that I sat open-mouthed and content until fetched to my feet at the end to cheer a folk-dance sequence that made Borodin's prancing Polovtsians look tame in retrospect.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

The Colditz Story *Little Fugitive*

THE fact that there have been several prisoner-of-war escape films already doesn't necessarily mean that a new one can't be effective and good. No such rule applies, for instance, to the Western. All that is necessary for success is that the average filmgoer should not be tired of the genre; and it seems clear that so far from being tired, most people, filmgoers as well as readers, can hardly get enough of it.

The simplicity of the theme has something to do with this. Here are grown men whose lives are so artificially limited that they become schoolboys again and never do or say anything that a schoolboy could not understand, whose every action is keyed to the single obvious overriding motive of escape. Any p.o.w. film finds its suspense and climax in an escape attempt; *The Colditz Story* (Director: GUY HAMILTON), about the castle in Saxony that the Germans populated exclusively with recaptured Allied officers who had already escaped once, is naturally concerned with nothing else at all but escapes—not the mixture as before, but the strongest possible concentrated dose.

It is very well done. The variety of scene and action is inevitably limited: the sameness of the men's routine means very often that the story has to be

advanced, from day to day, merely by different words spoken in exactly the same circumstances. But good imaginative direction of many different characters, variations in the point of view, and the clever suggestion of atmosphere and mood (and the changes in them) do wonders: interest is unflagging even apart from the several passages of strong suspense leading up to minor climaxes before the final important one. The principals, JOHN MILLS and ERIC PORTMAN, contrive to make individuals of two British officers who are given (when you consider it) little that is notably individual to say or do, and there are many excellent character-sketches in the long international (British, French, Dutch, Polish, German) cast.

Also, of course, the whole thing (based on P. R. REID's celebrated book) is true. But if you didn't think the film well done and entertaining, would the fact that it was true make you change your mind?

Little Fugitive (Directors: RAY ASHLEY, MORRIS ENGEL, and RUTH ORKIN), cheaply made by amateurs without studio or stars, is more worth-while and offers more enjoyment than many a million-dollar epic. It is about a seven-year-old New York boy who runs away in panic when he is made to think that he has killed his brother.

He finds himself among the varied distractions of Coney Island, where it is easy enough for a child to forget everything else. That—until the situation is resolved at the end—is really all the film consists of: it is a succession of tiny incidents, beautifully recorded and arranged, and there would be no point in picking out particular ones for mention. Yet the personality of RICHIE ANDRUSCO, a lively pugnacious-looking small boy intelligently responsive to direction, and the atmospheric, observant, ironic presentation of the Coney Island sideshows and people he becomes involved with, make the unpretentious little picture continuously entertaining and enjoyable. This is really worth looking out for.

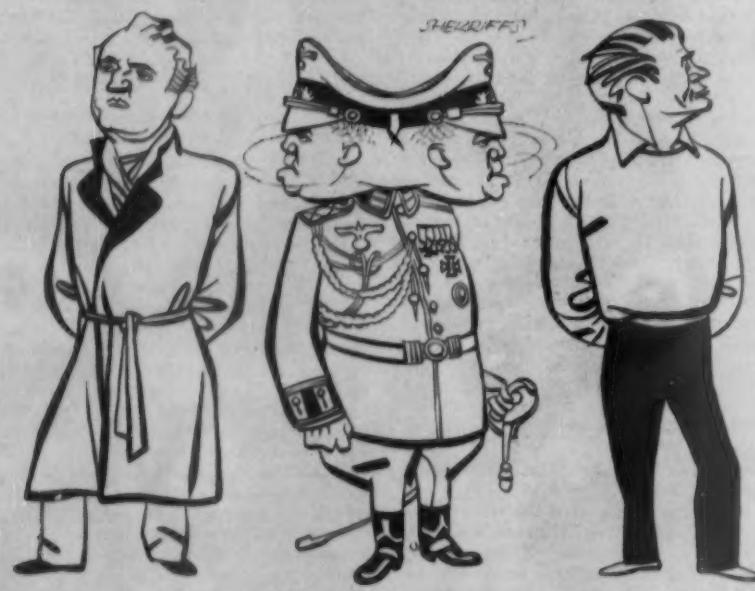
Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Still the most important and impressive film in London is *Umberto D.* That treasure for every age *The Great Adventure* (8/12/54) is in its last weeks; there is a bright new one with FERNANDEL, *The Baker of Valorgue*; and the cartoon *Animal Farm* (26/1/55) and Cinerama continue.

Among the releases are *The Man Who Loved Redheads* (2/2/55), a highly entertaining adaptation of the Rattigan play *Who is Sylvia?*; *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* (19/1/55), a well-done piece about an aircraft-carrier in the Korean war; and *To Paris With Love*, which I thought a disappointing waste of ALEC GUINNESS.

RICHARD MALLETT



Colonel Richmond—ERIC PORTMAN

Herr Kommandant—FREDERICK VALK

Captain Reid—JOHN MILLS

AT THE PLAY IN DUBLIN

Is the Priest at Home? (ABBEY) — *A Slipper for the Moon* (GATE) — *Date with Laughter* (GAETY) — *Further Follies* (PIKE)

THE amount of theatre talked in Dublin bears no relation to the number of its playhouses, which is small. The Irish have drama in their blood. For the size of their population



A Slipper for the Moon

Daniel Lacey—Mr. MICHEÁL MACLIAMMÓIR

they have given us more great playwrights than any other race, and since the turn of the century, when Yeats and the Abbey put a tremendous shot of adrenalin into their theatre, they have become critics to a man. They are critical of the Abbey, but still proud of its record as the national theatre.

Its policy of dedication to the Irish drama is as reasonable as that of Stratford and the Vic to Shakespeare. Less easily defended are its persistent irritations in Gaelic, a language which has produced no drama in the past and so far nothing notable in the present. The rule that the company must be bilingual can scarcely fail to mean dilution. For these adventures in a speech which few Dubliners take seriously the Abbey gets a subsidy from a government believing in a Green Curtain, but having their names regularly billed in Gaelic cannot help its younger members to gain experience outside Ireland. If the senior members and the leading directors were not still billed in English the policy would at least appear more logical.

At the moment, its Gaelic pantomime having flopped, the Abbey is enjoying a deserved success with *Is the Priest at Home?*, a comedy by the Ulster actor and dramatist, JOSEPH TOMELEY, describing the trials of an idealistic young priest in a remote village torn by inbred backbiting and gossip. Not a play of much shape, and marred by a prologue and

epilogue which add nothing, it is really a series of interviews. These are amusing, and one gets to know the village intimately; they are also outspoken, so that although the play is light it carries a good deal of comment, balanced and greatly to the taste of the audience. Some enviable lines, such as "He was heaving the word 'celibate' about like a paving stone"—and a richly funny performance by HARRY BROGAN as the verger. I didn't have to be told that Mr. BROGAN has been on the halls (Bernard Miles comes to mind). His timing is wonderful. PILIB O'FLOINN (Philip O'Flynn?) plays the priest sympathetically, and a sound cast sharpens the village tongues.

If it hadn't been for the Gate, started twenty-five years ago by HILTON EDWARDS and MICHEÁL MACLIAMMÓIR, Dublin might have had a rather vague idea of what was going on in the rest of the world. These enthusiasts have done for Dublin pretty well what the Arts has for London, and though it doesn't exclude Ireland their list ranges widely over the international theatre. For some years they have shared the Gate (a shabby but beautiful playhouse, once a Georgian assembly rooms) with Lord Longford's company, each giving a season of six months. Their current production is a green-room satire by Mr. MACLIAMMÓIR called *A Slipper for the Moon*. Sandwiched between the end of a matinée of Cinderella and the start of the evening performance is an

interlude on the bare stage showing the repercussions on the company of the tangled love-life of its leading actor. The play is loosely made and with advantage could be cut, but it pulls to pieces witty the mind and habits of the profession. And unlike some inside jobs about the stage it is fully intelligible across the footlights. Not very even acting, but

MAC LIAMMÓIR is fine as the central figure and his Ugly Sister unforgettable. HILTON EDWARDS and CORALIE CARMICHAEL support him well, and LAURIE MORTON, who takes Cinderella, turns herself neatly into a sugared acid-drop.

Is the Priest at Home?
Jimmy McLaughlin—
MR. HARRY BROGAN



Rayford MacAnScaple
Punch 1955

Date with Laughter

MR. JIMMY O'DEA

217

We had heard a lot about JIMMY O'DEA, who is said to be Dublin's Joe Coyne, but it was impossible to judge him fairly in *Date with Laughter*, which is a kind of music-hall revue. His sketches are so thin that one can only guess at his effect in better material, but I suspect he would be very good. He is a little man, with Hensonish eyes, a long clever mouth and a magnetic personality. His skill at mimicry makes him a vocal chameleon, and his impersonation of Napoleon as played by Noël Coward affords a glimpse of no ordinary talent. Other things I enjoyed in this show were BRAMALL'S PUPPETS, and the consistent comedy of MAUREEN POTTER, who would fit very usefully into a London intimate revue.

Dublin is coming out in a healthy rash of *théâtres de poche*, and among these the Pike stands high, giving two hours of late-night revue in a tiny mews garage, converted delightfully into a Georgian drawing-room that holds seventy if seventeen are prepared to stand. The programme is gay and impertinent and produced with taste. At present its star is a young man with sad Latin eyes and a rubber face, whom we had just seen playing the other Ugly Sister at the Gate, MILO O'SHEA. When he was in action all seventy of us blended happily into a corporate jelly. If ever I saw one, a natural. Talent scouts, please note,

Epic MAC COIN



ON THE AIR

More About Interviewing

READING Philip Hamburger's *New Yorker* account of yet another television triumph for Edward R. Murrow (an exciting romp with America's star physicist Dr. Oppenheimer) has set me thinking again about the B.B.C.'s most pressing problem—that of finding techniques and intellects capable of converting "an interview" into a useful public projection of ideas and character. An interview may be at any level, from a quick look-see with an American film-star to a cross-talk between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Einstein on the nature and significance of space-time. The B.B.C. conducts scores of lightweight interviews every week and on the whole conducts them very well. I have no complaint to make about "In Town To-night" (which has translated into terms of TV surprisingly well), "Woman's Hour," "Sportsview," "London Town" and similar programmes. The interviewees here are either descriptive or narrative: the celebrities, with little prompting, tell us where they are going to or coming from, what movies they have just made, or how they scored the winning goal; ordinary people tell us how they do their jobs, run their homes on chicken-feed, and so on. Good interviewing in such cases means plenty of rehearsal, a few pats on the back and, perhaps, a last-minute visit to the Duty Room. The B.B.C. has the whole business taped.

But the *important* interviews, those in which we are introduced to celebrities who do not normally air their views in public, are not handled so well. The difficulty is to find interviewers who at



Leslie Mitchell—Joan Gilbert—Christopher Mayhew
Aidan Crawley

one and the same time are eloquent, quick-witted, business-like, knowledgeable, warmly human, good listeners and nimble prompters. A tall order indeed. It is easier, of course, to assemble these interviewing virtues under one microphone or on one screen by recruiting a whole panel of questioners, and this method is used on both sound radio and TV with some success. But on the wireless it is often difficult to keep track of the various speakers employed when voices and accents are devoid of theatrical idiosyncrasies; and in television programmes such as "Press Conference" the four or more members of the panel are apt to occupy the screen when viewers are only interested in the picture of the celebrity.

Recently Gilbert Harding has had a go at interviewing, and quite obviously he has found the going much tougher than the nit-witted wastes of "What's My Line?" Harding is no duffer, but like most bar-parlour philosophers (Dr. C. E. M. Joad was another) he is unhappy

when the conversation strays from his pet theories and thrashes the air in panic as soon as he is out of his depth. In other words, he lacks the basic humility and questing zeal needed in a first-rate interviewer, though as a foil for the supercharged exhibitionists of the entertainment world he is quite admirable.

Harding, whatever his faults, is however a vast improvement, in my view, on the old B.B.C. school of interviewing as represented by Leslie Mitchell, Joan Gilbert and Max Robertson. I mention these three because they are otherwise most talented, personable and pleasing performers. Their failure as interviewers (and let me repeat that I am here concerned with the interviewing of people with ideas)

is that their approach is too professional, smooth and theatrical to spark the celebrity into strenuous mental activity.

The new school of interviewing, represented by Christopher Mayhew, Malcolm Muggeridge, Dr. Bronowski and Aidan Crawley, has been on trial for only a short time, but has already divided viewers into two camps. Some people (and half the newspaper critics) seem to regard any disagreement or criticism voiced in a radio *tête-à-tête* as embarrassing and unnecessary: others find it immensely stimulating. It all depends, apparently, on whether one considers complacency a virtue or a vice.

The important thing is that the B.B.C. should support the exponents of the new school with fresh blood, for listeners and viewers will continue to regard them as cranks while they are so heavily outnumbered by interviewers of the "No, after you, Cecil!" type.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc. published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. **CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.**—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1933. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d. Canada 12½d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate." SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, Including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-; Overseas 36/- (U.S.A. 55c); Canada 34/- or \$5.00

Sleep
well
content

Of the things that a man may reasonably do to secure his own creature comfort, there are few simpler, and none more sensible, than taking a drop of Scotch whisky on the way to bed. You are leaving to-day for tomorrow. Take your leave graciously and pleasurable. Wish yourself well. Choose a whisky soft with great age, soft as a benediction.

For its gentleness and lasting glow White Horse whisky has long been famed. Trust a White Horse to carry you smoothly across the borderland of sleep. It knows the way.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky



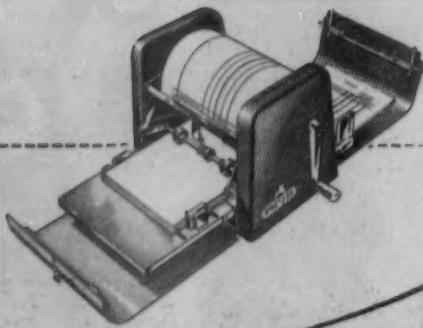
To make the office a better place to work in
at school or club or society



Many a secretary knows that he or she cannot really manage without a duplicator, but would rightly look upon a large power-operated machine as being an unnecessary luxury. That is the *raison d'être* of the '250' Portable Duplicator—another Roneo answer to a frequently posed office problem. Roneo '250' has fully automatic inking, prints up to foolscap size, is simple to use, easy to carry around and is reasonable in price.



**DUPLICATORS
FILING AND RECORDS
STEEL DESKING & EQUIPMENT
OFFICE PLANNING
LIBRARY & BANKING EQUIPMENT
STEEL PARTITIONING**



call in **RONEO**
and do the job
PROPERLY

Write to Roneo Ltd., 17 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. Telephone: Holborn 7622

TBW 28



DAISEE—the farmer's friend! Because to farmers jute means sacks. And to farmers sacks are indispensable. They are tough and long-lasting. And they can be washed and used again and again.

To the farmer, too, jute means tarpaulin for his ricks and machines. And to you? To you jute is more things than you may realise. It's string, of course, and rope. It's the backing on your carpet and your linoleum. The lining in your shoes. The stiffening in your coat. Sometimes you call it hessian, sometimes scrim. But rarely do you recognise jute when you see it.

Unsung, unglamorous jute! Anonymous, yet busy the whole world over, in a hundred hidden ways.



— makers of bags and sacks; twines, cords and ropes; jute carpets and furnishing fabrics; yarn for carpets; webbing; cotton belting; cloth for backing linoleum; for tarpaulins, roofing felt, dampcourses and plasterers' scrim.

There may be an application of jute to your business. Why not write to us:—

JUTE INDUSTRIES LTD • MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS • DUNDEE

Quality **1** st.
means Value **2** st.

- throughout the Morris range



Morris Minor



Morris Cowley



Morris Oxford



Morris Oxford Traveller



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD.

London Distributors: Morris House, Berkeley Sq., W.I. Overseas Business: Nuffield Export Ltd., Oxford & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.I.
C.197G(64)

"Let's make it a Morris . . ."
Wisest words you'll speak in a lifetime! For
Morris offer you *more of everything* that
makes motoring an unqualified pleasure.
MORE POWER: a lively O.H.V. engine
provides ample power for rapid
acceleration and fast cruising speeds.
MORE ROOM: sofa-wide seats within-
the-wheelbase and torsion bar front wheel
suspension give lounge-easy travel
over long distances. **MORE STYLE:**
beautiful, modern-styled body contours,
with safety glass all-round, make every
"Quality First" Morris an investment in
pride and long-lasting value. Morris
leadership in 'Quality First' motoring is
still further advanced in the latest models.

The "Quality First"

MORRIS
MINOR • COWLEY
OXFORD

REMEMBER:—Quality and depend-
ability are guaranteed by the B.M.C.
Used Car Warranty and you are
certain of a good deal when you sell.

*The
London
Bedding Centre*
KNIGHTSBRIDGE



5 feet wide x 6 feet 3 inches long
folding spring Divan base with

Pocketed
spring
mattress
£5·5-0
complete

Dunlopillo
Deep Six
mattress
£48-17-6
complete

Headboards extra

Prices of other sizes up to
7 feet square on application from
13 Brompton Road, KNIGHTSBRIDGE
London, S.W.3 Phone: KNightsbridge 1777
Main Furniture Showrooms Kingston-on-Thames
and 18 John Perring Branches in S. England

**HOTEL
REINA CRISTINA**

The sun centre for visiting the fascinating attractions of Southern Spain. Only 1 hour from Gibraltar where Hotel cars meet aircraft and ships. Recently laid out Golf Course. Tennis. Large Private Gardens. Special Winter Terms.

Apply your TRAVEL AGENTS,
direct to the MANAGER or
IBERIAN HOTELS
26 Austin Friars, E.C.2.
London Wall 5074.

SUNNY SPAIN
ALGECIRAS

IN SUNNY MOROCCO
a good hotel
not too expensive
RIF HOTEL TANGIER

**The
3 R's**
REST
RELAXATION and
RECREATION
under ideal conditions.

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO
MATLOCK Derbyshire

The Booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent
on application to—THE MANAGER



"I spy with my little ear . . ."

The blind are immensely resourceful, the children in particular. When the darkness in which they live their lives prevents them doing exactly as we do they are always ready with gallant improvisations. They don't need your sympathy but they do need your help to start them off on the road towards the independence they will prize so much. Help us to give them the education and training they deserve by sending a donation to—or remembering in your will—the

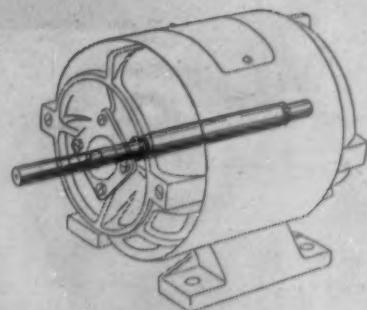
**GREATER LONDON FUND
FOR THE BLIND**

(Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948)

(Sept. P), 2, WYNDHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.1. Tel: PAD 1677

PARK GATE

**QUALITY STEELS FOR
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING**



**hard shaft steel
for
electric motors**

THE PARK GATE IRON & STEEL CO. LTD., ROTHERHAM
TELEPHONE: ROTHERHAM 1011 (10 lines)

**The Brush with the
2 Years Guarantee**

TWO NEW SHAVING
BRUSHES FOR MEN

VULFIX

MEDIUM
SIZE
10·6

LARGE
SIZE
15·

Shaving BRUSH
Made from Bristle and Badger

THE PROGRESS SHAVING BRUSH COMPANY LIMITED
Mottram St., STOCKPORT, Cheshire. 92 Regent St., LONDON W.1.



"You're
in excellent
company,
Charles..."

"How so?"

"...with two
CINZANOS IN
your hands!"

Cinzano is real vermouth prepared from grapes grown specifically for the purpose and enriched by a recipe famous for more than 100 years.

CINZANO RED is firmly established as the perfect vermouth; CINZANO WHITE has a special and intriguing flavour difficult to describe but sheer delight to enjoy.

Drink Cinzano RED or WHITE on its own to savour its bouquet and subtle flavour. For cocktails, you'll find that both are grand mixers in any way you choose.

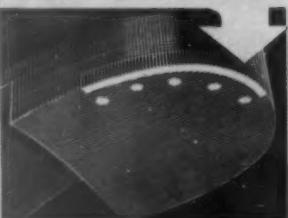
CINZANO

GENUINE VERMOUTH

SWEET: WHITE OR RED FROM ITALY 17/- per bottle
DRY FROM FRANCE 18/- per bottle

There are also $\frac{1}{2}$ bottles at 9/- and 9/6 respectively.

**Where wear is worst
fit
RIMFORTS**



A man is judged by his shoes. RIMFORTS keep shoes smart and heels level. These built-in metal heel protectors bonded with leather will save you pounds.

Ask your shoe-repairer to fit RIMFORTS—your heels will last three times as long (often longer). If you like, you can have RIMFORTS bonded with rubber. 58 sizes and 9 shapes. There are RIMFORTS for ladies' and children's shoes as well.

ASK FOR RIMFORTS NEXT TIME BY NAME

Rimforts



S. D. WARD LTD • Higham Ferrers, Northants
W.R.25



Pastures Green

GRASSLAND is one of Britain's greatest national resources, for grass is the natural food of cattle and sheep, and upon its abundance and quality depends the production of more meat and milk. Today—in a world seriously short of these things—the improvement and development of grassland is recognised as the foundation of our agricultural expansion. It has not always been so, and it is largely due to the vision and patient researches of a few pioneers that the essential knowledge and techniques are now available to the British farmer. I.C.I. was among the first to apply scientific methods to the many problems connected with growing grass, raising its nutritional value and ensuring that the most efficient use is made of it. As long ago as 1928, an I.C.I. experimental farm was established at Jealott's Hill in Berkshire where practical

research in grassland management was undertaken.

The benefits of this and other work have been far-reaching—from the development of new methods for controlling the grazing of cattle to the production of improved fertilisers. I.C.I.'s "Nitro-Chalk" for example, has shown remarkable results as a grassland fertiliser. Its use not only raises the food value of grass, but makes it grow more abundantly and for a longer period, thus extending the grazing season and helping to save imports of cattle feeding-stuffs. Another I.C.I. development is the drying of grass by machines, a method which makes it possible to preserve its full nutritive value almost indefinitely. I.C.I. is still pioneering, and the new knowledge of grassland problems that it is gaining will help the British farmer to produce still more from British acres.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



Sunshine in the rain!

The Tumbler Dryer

gets my whole wash
dry quickly, gently . . .
and absolutely spotless!



WHATEVER THE WEATHER . . .

How wretched a rainy, freezing or foggy washday can be. Heavy baskets to carry. Soggy clothing hanging around the house. A nasty "muggy" atmosphere. How lovely to be able to laugh at the weather instead!

And now you can—the Tumbler Dryer makes its own 'indoor sunshine', dries even your daintiest things with kid-glove care!

A WARM FRESH BREEZE . . .

All your wash—sheets, towels, woollens, nappies—goes into the ENGLISH ELECTRIC Tumbler Dryer straight after wringing. Just set the simple controls. The Dryer does the rest! Now you can get ahead with your shopping or housework. Or just relax! In an electrically warmed breeze your wash is gently tumbled damp dry for ironing or bone dry, as required. When time's up, it switches itself off!

See the Tumbler Dryer demonstrated at your local ENGLISH ELECTRIC Authorised Dealer or Electricity Service Centre. Do what everyone else is doing. Take advantage of the generous Hire Purchase terms which are readily available. Cash price £30.00. Purchase Tax extra. See demonstrations of our full range of Domestic Appliances on our IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION stands, commencing March 1st.



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Domestic Appliance and Television Division, East Lancashire Road, Liverpool 10

Don't
be Vague
ask for

Haig



*The Oldest Scotch
Whisky Distillers
in the World*



Banking and
YOUR JOB...

. . . "I'm in
Food."

Bread is the symbol of food, and the endless need for sustenance occupies considerably more than half the people of the world. Be it fish, flesh, fruit or flour, the services of a banker are needed at every stage to finance and facilitate growth, harvesting, shipment, processing and final marketing.

If you are engaged in any branch of this vital industry from production to shopkeeping and have any problem calling for the advice and help of a banker, you are invited to call at the nearest branch of MARTINS BANK. You will find the manager understanding and helpful.

**MARTINS BANK
LIMITED**

Principal London Office: 68 Lombard St., E.C.3.
HEAD OFFICE: WATER ST., LIVERPOOL, 2.



Total Assets (at 31st December 1954): £363,655,940



Pause for a moment...

Up before seven, into the train at eight, into the office about nine, a marathon day's work until six or after, dash for another train, home again by eight, perhaps. Exaggeration? No — thousands of businessmen do it, and they arrive back home tired out.

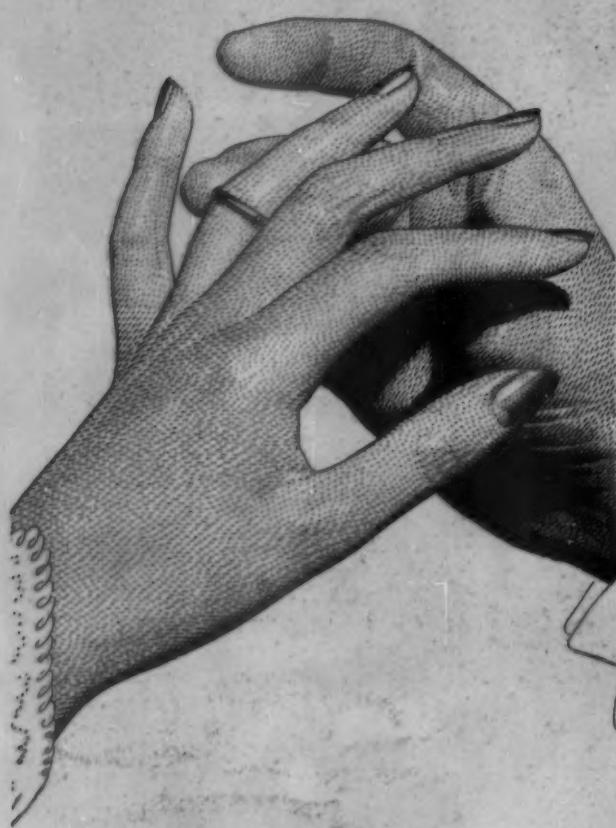
Energy lost must be replaced and there's one thoroughly pleasant way of doing this — a pause for Lucozade.

Lucozade fulfils a need in the lives of busy men and women. This invaluable Glucose drink supplies energy when it's needed most, keeping you working evenly, steadily, without exhaustion — leaving you with energy to spare when you get home.

Millions of healthy people drink Lucozade to help them keep that way. It is a boon to the sick and convalescing and, for children, the perfect safeguard against fatigue. A bottle of Lucozade in the office and the home is the ideal protection against the stresses and strains of modern living. Start drinking it today, and keep some by you — always!

Used by doctors and nurses in hospitals and clinics

LUCOZADE
the sparkling glucose drink
REPLACES LOST ENERGY



Yours for life...

Because she is your wife—yours for life—you will want to make certain that should something happen to you, she will be well cared for. There is a Standard Policy which provides not only security for you and yours, but the means to enjoy in later years many of the things you could not otherwise have.

Write for "Yours for Life", a free booklet explaining most of our policies.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Established 1825

HEAD OFFICE: 3 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

LONDON OFFICES: 3 ABCHURCH YARD, CANNON ST., E.C.4
15a PALL, MALL S.W.1

S.L.69

*'Yours
for Life'*



GOOD NEWS FOR 'SHAVE-SLAVES'!

here is the NEW
amazing "RALLY"



A perfect dry shaver—small as your wrist watch!

Every man, especially if he's a 'Shave at 8—stubble at 5' type, will want a "Rally" Dry Shaver. For this new, non-electric marvel eliminates all the messy, time-taking trouble of shaving, leaving one smooth, speedy operation!

GONE FOR EVER: SOAP • WATER
BRUSHES • CREAMS • ELECTRICITY

49/6 including 5 extra blades
(1 year's supply)

Ask to see a "RALLY" Dry Shaver at your nearest Lewis of Westminster Tobacco Shop, also chemists and hair-dressers.

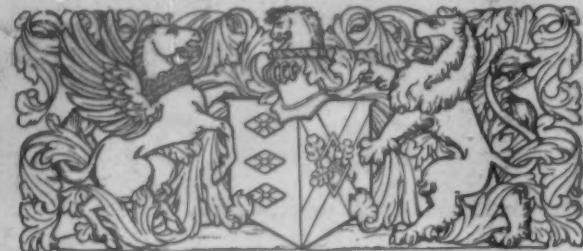
In case you have any difficulty in obtaining one, make a note of the address alongside and write direct to the distributor sending 50/- (including postage and packing).

The "Rally" Dry Shaver rolls gently over your skin, leaving it smooth, stubble-free, toned and invigorated. More, the "Rally's" blade and rotating cylinder principle makes it impossible to cut yourself!

Good grooming in your top pocket! So small is the "Rally" that it slips into any pocket. You can shave in the train! ... shave at your desk! ... shave in the taxi! The "Rally" can be used anywhere—at any time!



Distributed by
BARCLAY & SONS LTD
59 Barbican, London, E.C.I.
Telephone MON 5844

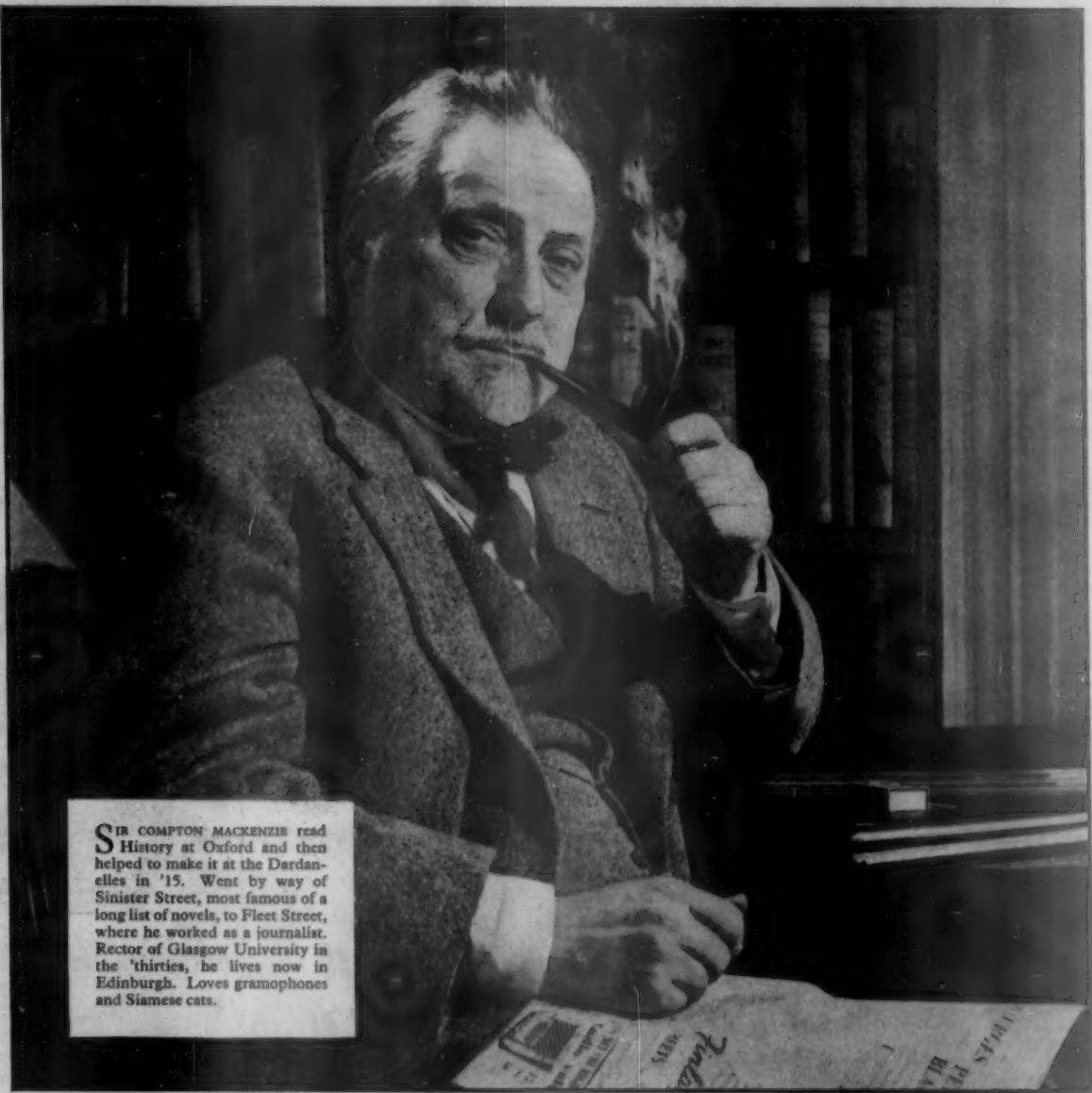


LEATHER UPHOLSTERY

MAKES YOUR NEW CAR
A LASTING INVESTMENT

Real leather is unique for its enduring comfort and luxurious appearance. So, even if this refinement involves a little extra cost, you will be more proud of your car and, when the time comes to re-sell, your good judgment will be more than rewarded.

"YOUR CAR AND YOUR COMFORT" is the title of a booklet on the virtues of leather upholstery and gives an up-to-date price list of cars that are available with leather upholstery. Write to: The Dressed Hide Leather Publicity Committee, Leather Trade House, Barter Street, London, W.C.1.



SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE read History at Oxford and then helped to make it at the Dardanelles in '15. Went by way of Sinister Street, most famous of a long list of novels, to Fleet Street, where he worked as a journalist. Rector of Glasgow University in the 'thirties, he lives now in Edinburgh. Loves gramophones and Siamese cats.

"My Daily Mail" by SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE

"I BOUGHT the first number on the way to school in May, 1896. A few days later I wrote to my father : 'A very good new paper called the Daily Mail has come out. Can we take it in instead of the Daily — ? It is only a halfpenny.'

As a boy of 13 I realised that, although Father's paper might still be sacred, the rest of the family now had a paper of their own. I've read the Daily Mail ever

since. I worked for it as literary critic for five years. I provided one or two adventures for Flook. Long ago the Daily Mail set me on the road with a leader page review of my novel *Sinister Street*.

I love the paper, and to-day it is a better paper than it ever was. Even the crossword puzzle after being feeble is now excellent and the only leaders I read are the leaders of the Daily Mail."



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Still dependent on Voluntary Gifts and Legacies

More than 7,000 needy boys and girls are in our constant care. Please lend a hand by sending a Gift now, or by remembering our family when making your Will.

10/-

will feed one child for 4 days

Cheques etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes", should be sent to 4 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

YOUR MONEY will make more money if you spend one shilling weekly on the Investors' Chronicle. Two free issues on request to 31, Grocers' Hall Court, London, E.C.2.

RATTRAY'S

OLD GOWRIE

TOBACCO

is made of choice Virginian leaf—judiciously selected, patiently matured, pressed and prepared in the old-time manner. Between those who make Old Gowrie and those who enjoy its tranquil charm, there prevails a more intimate understanding than is usually to be found between blander and customer. It is only from the connoisseur that the craftsman either expects or desires appreciation. It is only to true craftsmen that the connoisseur looks for the preservation of those traditional qualities in which he delights.

A customer writes from Buckburn: "May I take this opportunity to express my appreciation of the continued high quality of your products. It is some eight years since I first bought tobacco from you; from that time I have been a regular customer and have never been disappointed."

To be obtained
ONLY from:

CHARLES RATTRAY
Tobacco Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 8d. per lb. Post Paid. Send 8d. for sample quarter-lb. tin



GODFREY DAVIS

Europe's first name in Car Hire

CAR HIRE

LONDON PARIS

AT REDUCED OFF-SEASON RATES

For full details of Self-drive and Chauffeur-driven services, write, telephone or call:

7 ECCLESTON ST., LONDON, S.W.1
(Telephone: SLOane 0022)

Or Neasden Lane, N.W.10. (Tel: GLA 6474).
CONTRACT HIRE Special terms for periods of three months or longer during the winter.

WE USE EXCLUSIVELY SHELL

X-100

S.F.L. GODFREY DAVIS
99 Avenue de Neuilly
Neuilly sur Seine
Tel: Sablons 98-13
Cables: Quickmiles, Paris
MOTOR OIL

SECURITY AND MORE

*Let your money
earn a tax-paid
return of*

2 3/4%

EQUIVALENT TO 5% ON AN INVESTMENT

TAXED AT STANDARD RATE

Interest accrues from day of investment.
Facilities for prompt withdrawal. For full details, write or telephone:

City Prudential Building Society

ASSETS EXCEED £7,000,000

11 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1. TELEPHONE: CITY 8323
131/132 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 9581
AND AT BELFAST • BIRMINGHAM • BRADFORD • BRIGHTON • LEEDS
LIVERPOOL • MANCHESTER • READING • SWANSEA • WEMBLEY • WORCESTER • WORTHING

BISQUIT DUBOUCHÉ & CO
Manufacturers of Cognac Biscuits
for over 100 years

A Rare Compliment to your Palate

BISQUIT DUBOUCHÉ & CO
COGNAC



"green label" chutney
SWEET SLICED MANGO

OUTCLASSES ALL SWEET PICKLES!

P. Venkatachellum's
GENUINE MADRAS
CURRY POWDER
Peacock Brand

FROM ALL GOOD GROCERS AND STORES



Parkinson's
DONCASTER
EST. 1817
S. PARKINSON & SON (DONCASTER) LIMITED

NORFOLK BROADS

for the Holiday that is different in the driest and sunniest part of Britain

750 tip-top holiday hire-craft—motor cruisers, yachts and houseboats—
at prices to suit all pockets.

Fully illustrated 216 page book

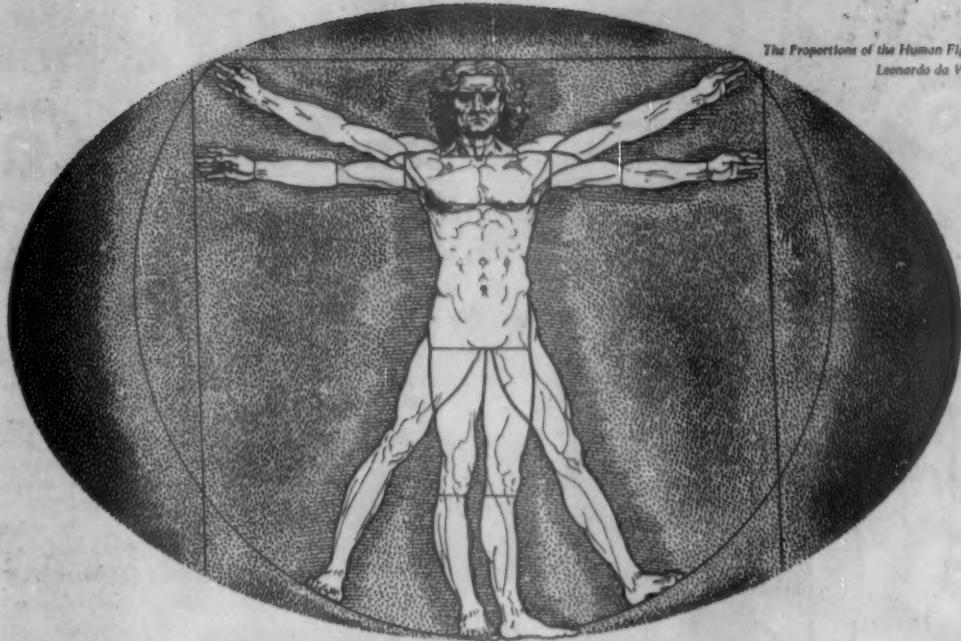
7½d. post free from

BLAKES

(Dept. 63) 47 Albemarle St.,
London, W.1

Still vacancies all year





Man is the measure of all things—

PROTAGORAS (B.C. 481-411)

We live in an age of great organisations; can we also live in one of great individuals? To reconcile the technical achievement of modern society with the dignity of the men and women who compose it is the problem of our time. To reach a solution we must first be certain of the aim we set our mammoth communities and world-wide corporations; when the last superlative has been uttered, the test must be the same—how far they contribute to the happiness, understanding and liberty of the ordinary man.

The real measure of a modern industry is its power to preserve our human values while adding to our material heritage. Man is not just another factor in the productive chain—he is the reason for its existence.



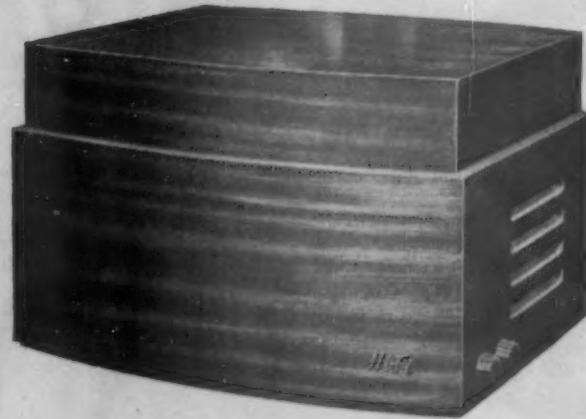
Esso Petroleum Company, Limited



"Concertos can be costly..."

After all, it's not merely the cost of a good seat, but a trip to town and supper after the concert can soon knock holes in a budget —mine, at least. With the Black Box, I sit in the best seat in the house (my favourite chair). Listening with my eyes closed, the orchestra seems to fill the room. With my pipe going nicely, I want nothing more."

The Pye Black Box Record Player is the first instrument of its kind to be marketed in Great Britain. Never before has so compact a unit provided this high fidelity reproduction with such room-filling quality of sound. It plays all speeds of records. Automatic changer or single player models are available.



BLACK BOX RECORD REPRODUCER

AUTO CHANGERS 63 Gns. Luxury Model, and 39 gns.

SINGLE PLAYERS 61 Gns. Luxury Model, and 37 gns.

PYE LIMITED OF CAMBRIDGE



Savory & Moore PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS

DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES FOR INDIGESTION

First made 150 years ago, "Dr. Jenner's" proved their worth when appetites were big and meals according. Today's generation has smaller meals but larger worries and still finds "Dr. Jenner's" uncommonly effective. 1/7½ and 3/9.



CHILDREN'S BLACK CURRANT LINCTUS

For coughs and colds — particularly that "tickle" in the throat, which is so apt to cause restless nights. Children love its pleasant taste and mother can be sure of its quality. 1/9.

Obtainable only from Chemists, or direct (postage extra) from
Savory & Moore, 143 Bond St., London, W.1

Chemists to the Royal Family since the reign of George III

MEDILAX LAXATIVE PELLETS

Ideally suited to the occasional needs of young and old. Comfortably persuasive and with a good effect lasting several days. Stream-lined and silvered for easy taking. 1/6 and 3/7.



Banister,
Walton
build
in
steel



MCN 3112

PROGRESS 1954

TOTAL ASSETS at 31st December	£213,461,000
(£181,183,000 — 1953)	
NEW SAVINGS	£51,166,000
(£42,848,000 — 1953)	
ADVANCES ON MORTGAGES	£43,177,000
(£38,362,000 — 1953)	
TRUSTEE INVESTMENTS & CASH at 31st December	£31,402,000
(£23,478,000 — 1953)	

**ABBEY NATIONAL
BUILDING SOCIETY**
ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER STREET,
LONDON, N.W.1

CVB-355



Ginger ale is nice . . . it's
nicer still with 'Myers'

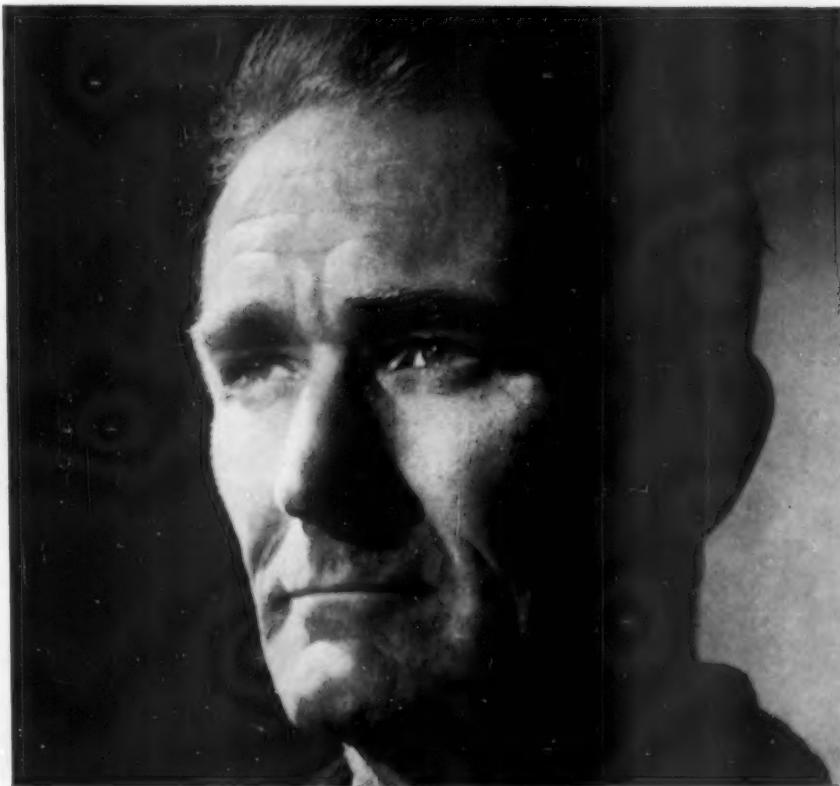
To a measure of 'Myers' add a
glass of ginger ale and stir gently.
Serve with a slice of lemon . . .
One of the most refreshing of
long drinks ever devised for the
delight of man — or woman.

THE DARK & MELLOW RUM
PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

MAKE
MINE
MYERS

MCN6541

WHO
QUESTIONS
THE
JUDGMENT
IN THESE
EYES?



These are the eyes of a craftsman . . . a garage fitter . . . your garage man. He's a man who's learnt his trade thoroughly, who's proud of his skill. His opinion, his judgment are valuable. And when he tells you the brakes on your car should be tested every 2,500 miles, he does so because he knows that correct adjustment will not only prolong the life of your linings—it may also prolong *your* life.

When relining eventually becomes necessary, he'll fit the linings which his judgment has convinced him are the safest, longest lasting and most reliable—Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings. Then he'll tie this Ferodo label to your steering wheel, so that you may have that extra confidence in your Ferodo lined brakes which makes motoring so much more enjoyable.

Expert advice on brakes MAY SAVE LIFE—MUST SAVE MONEY



This label PROVES
Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings
have been fitted.

See your garage about
FERODO
***ANTI-FADE Brake Linings**

***WHAT IS BRAKE FADE?**

Known to racing men for years, "Fade" is a form of sudden loss of efficiency in brakes after a period of overwork. Your safety, like the racing driver's, lies in Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings—and in giving your garage man a chance to keep a check on your brakes for you.

FERODO LIMITED • CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH

A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation